THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

TOM WALLACE'S writing and FREDERICK WEYGOLD'S sketches are fresh from the field, for they made a special trip to Cumberland Falls from Louisville in May when the rhododendrons were in bloom, to get the materials for our leading article, page 389. Mr. Wallace is a vice-president of the American Forestry Association, and was president of the Southern Forestry Congress of 1927. He was for years associated with Henry Watterson on The Louisville Courier-Journal as editorial writer and dramatic critic, and in 1923 he was appointed by Judge Bingham as chief of the editorial staff of The Louisville Times. His has been the voice which has aroused Kentucky to the issue of Cumberland Falls. In line with his unstinted service, he refused Survey Graphic's modest check for his article, and turned it into the expense account which enabled his artist-neighbor to make his sketches on the ground.

MR. WEYGOLD has made a specialty, as painter and illustrator, of American nature in its more primitive aspects: landscapes, animals, birds and Indians. He has also done research work as an ethnologist on western Indian reservations. Perhaps the best known of his paintings is that of Red Cloud, the Sioux chief. While there are numerous beautiful photographs of the falls, we know of no sketches of them to match Mr. Weygold's intimate work.

WOOD HAGAN tells on page 395 another story from her overflowing notebook as field director of the Red Cross at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., a hospital for mental cases from the war forces. Readers will recall her delightful Over a Counter in Survey Graphic of December, 1928.

FRANK W. DARLING, the man who made Playland pay in rich social coin and civic leadership as well as on the cash register, came into the public amusement field by curious stages. The son of a minister, his first job was as errand-boy in the knitting mill of L. E. Thompson, who also conducted the Sunday school which the boy attended. Later, recovering from a breakdown and idly watching the merry-go-rounds and coasters on a beach, Thompson caught the idea which later became the L. E. Thompson Scenic Railway, which supplies this breathless form of amusement to parks the world round. When Thompson's health finally gave way, he offered the presidency of the company to Mr. Darling, who accepted it. Meantime he had gone through college, been president of the Teachers College in Chicago, taken a medical course and entered a hospital as interne. When the Westchester County Park Commission asked the Expert Amusement Association to recommend the best man for the biggest amusement park in the country, with the social as important as the financial aspect, Mr. Darling was the man chosen. Page 396.

JUSTIN MILLER, dean of the School of Law of the University of Southern California, has for years been up to his elbows in both research in crime and criminal law, and its application as a district attorney and as a member of many organizations, including the Section of Criminal Law and Criminology of the American Bar Association, of which he is chairman. The exhaustive report of the Illinois Crime Survey, which he ably reviews on page 399, will be published about the time this issue is delivered, by the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice, 300 West Adams Street, Chicago. The book will be sold at cost, about $6. Most of the eighteen chapters will be issued individually as pamphlets.

LILLIAN M. GILBRETH'S plea (page 402) for a good hard look at calendar age and an understanding of what a dubious measure it is in a man's or a woman's fitness to carry on in a job, is based on her many years of expert service as a consulting engineer, particularly in scientific management. This Machine Age, in the issue of October, 1928, is her most recent Graphic article.

DONALD RICHBERG here (page 405) tells of the long struggle between the City of Chicago and the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company in which he won a victory saving some two million dollars a year in gas bills.

HELEN ORMBEE'S report of the new workingmen's houses in a very old city, is based on a skilled American journalist's interviews with many Romans, from Mussolini to the housewives and the housing reformers. Page 410.

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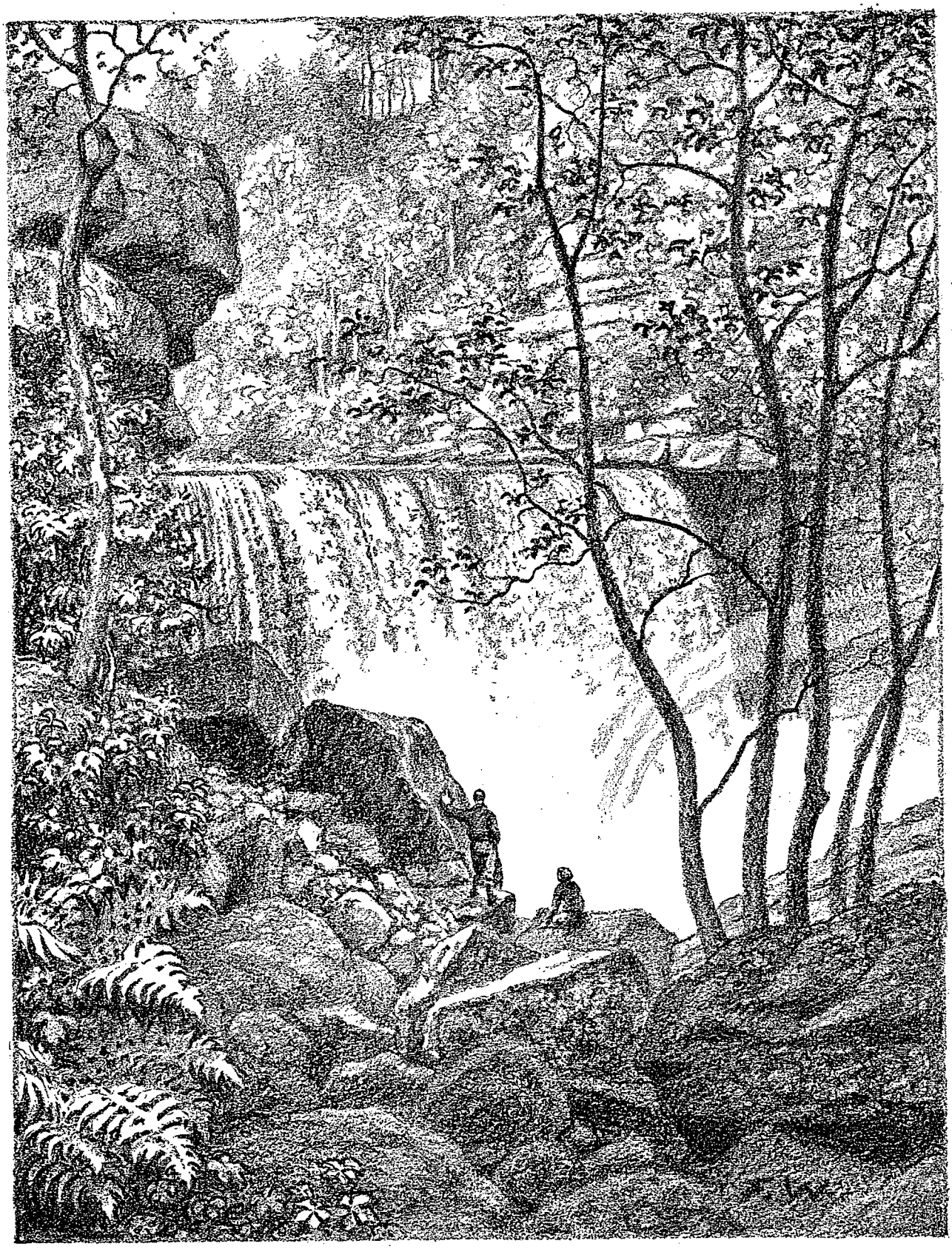

CUMBERLAND FALLS by Frederick Weygold

"An industrial plant in the vicinity of Cumberland Falls would be like a background of hot-dog stands for the Mona Lisa."—Horace M. Albright, director of the National Park Service, as quoted in an Associated Press dispatch from Washington

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JULY 1, 1929

Volume LXII
No. 7

Caught in the Power Net

By TOM WALLACE

Drawings by Frederick Weygold

UNDER the necromantic name of "development," the power net is closing, surely and not at all slowly, over every available power site in every state. Only quick work and hard work by a militant minority to educate the public as to the value of scenic assets will save even the most priceless heritage to future generations. That is the lesson of Cumberland Falls; and the lesson holds regardless of the denouement in this *cause celebre* which the conservative, but not conservationist, Coolidge administration passed on to Mr. Hoover and his associates.

Niagara excepted, Cumberland Falls is our largest waterfall east of the Mississippi. Situated in a wild, almost unmarred, mountain gorge in southeastern Kentucky, it is as yet entirely free from the artificialization which mars Niagara. And it would remain so, if Kentuckians and Americans generally could have one look at its unspoiled beauty and should visualize what its destruction means.

I am just back from a visit to the Cumberland gorge. My eyes are filled with images of tumbling waters and pillars of bloom. For here the *magnolia acuminata* is a forest tree, and rhododendron and mountain laurel form a jungle along the Cumberland cliffs. The region owes its rich and varied flora to a rampart of hills which protect it from the north wind and to its sunny situation near the Tennessee line. Its clumps of holly, its seven or eight varieties of evergreens, including pine, cedar and hemlock, its wealth of ferns and flowers recall Chateaubriand's descriptions of the primeval forests of the South, in Atala.

In this wilderness the pileated woodpecker, a scarlet-crested bird almost as large as a crow, soon to follow the ivory bill into extinction unless it is protected on public preservations, still breeds. A few native wild turkeys and ruffed grouse remain, along with the wildcat.

For sixty-two years, a modest summer inn, whitewashed inside and outside—a box structure belted by wide "galleries"—has entertained summer guests, its foundations registering, by perceptible vibrations, the impact of the water which thunders on the ledge on which they are laid. The doors alone are not whitewashed. Artist guests have decorated them for their own amusement. Here is one labeled "The House of Lords," upon which, almost life size, a white-haired British peer is seen in full cry. There is Tonio, his clown's head thrust through the curtain to announce the evening's comedy to the "Signores y Signoras." On another door, a giant green frog sits upon a toadstool with another toadstool as a table, on which rests an open book, an inkstand and a skull and cross bones.

The inn itself is so little above the level of the falls that it seems strange that it has never been caught in a flood, and so close to the roaring water that the unending barrage accentuates the charm of the silence of miles of surrounding wilds. A ladder leads to the riverside below the falls. One of

The chief of the editorial staff of the Louisville Times interprets the fight for the preservation of Cumberland Falls in terms that bring it home to lovers of the outdoors everywhere. Samuel Insull, who wants to exploit the cataract, former Senator T. Coleman du Pont, who wants to give it to his native state as a park, the racing interests on the one hand, the mountain counties on the other, the Kentucky legislature and the Federal Power Commission, all these enter into a drama of intrigue and opportunity and citizenship. Mr. Wallace's article is supplemented by terse and edged expressions from Kentuckians and national leaders. It is a first-rate example of the function of Survey Graphic in giving a hearing to a regional issue which has national significance.

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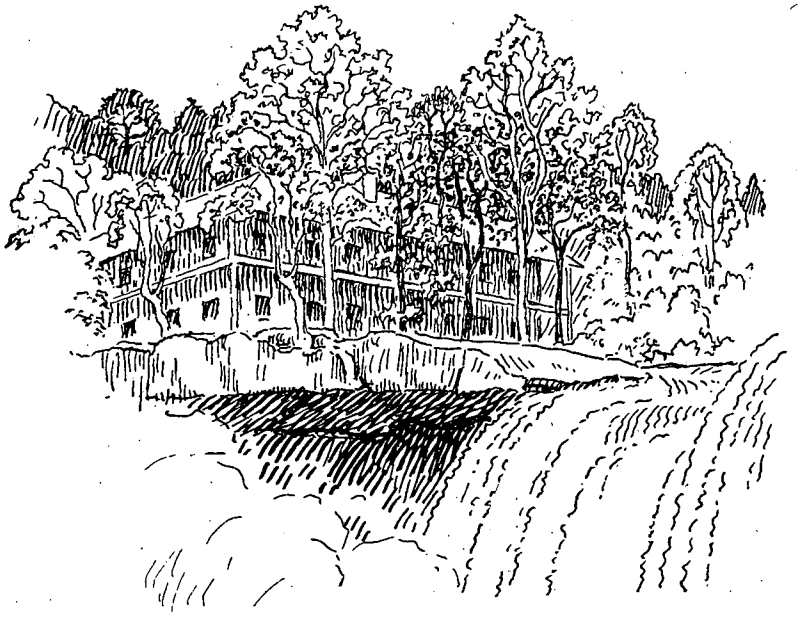


Brunson Inn

the adventures is to scramble over the boulders at the edge of the pool and go under the ledge, behind the plunging sheet of water, clear in dry weather as if it were filtered, and tawny when the river is high. The river is crossed in a small iron "basket" or car swung under a single cable when the stage of the water is such that a boat attempting the crossing would go over the falls. The car is entered at one end of the cable by ascending a ladder nailed to a tree. The cable dips at midchannel, so near the swirling stream that only the courageous are undisturbed. Into the forest, in many directions, lead earth roads and trails. Down one of these, a mile or so, Little Eagle Falls drops from a creek mouth ledge about thirty feet above the level of a boulder-strewn pool.

COMPARATIVELY few Kentuckians had heard of the existence of the cataract, and not one in a thousand had seen it when a company representing the enterprise of Samuel Insull, who, in the language of one Chicago newspaper, gives to that city "heat, light, power, grand opera and United States senators," procured a preliminary permit to ascertain whether it would be practical to create power at that point on Cumberland River.

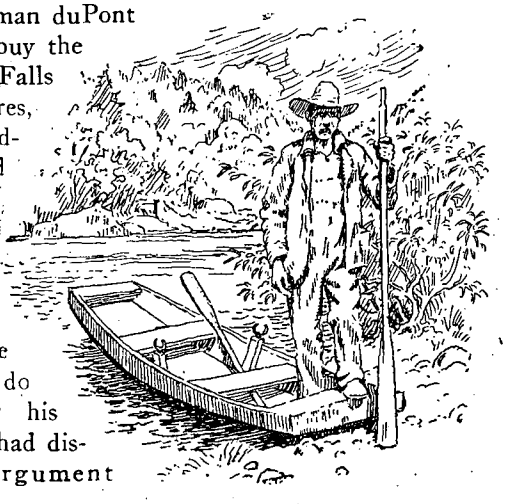
Fortunately by this time—the period of automobile travel and state park making—the American people were awakening to the importance of reserving scenic attractions, and the Kentucky mountains, until a short time before *terra incognita* to the rest of the state because they were roadless, took on new significance. The Kentucky State Park Commission, owing its creation largely to Vance Prather of Fort Thomas, came into existence by an act of the legislature of 1924. Cumberland Falls was immediately scheduled for reservation, along with Mammoth Cave.

Its earliest official appraisal was made by Willard Rouse Jillson, then and now head of the Kentucky Department of Geology and, ex officio, a member of the State Park Commission. In his book, Kentucky State Parks, Dr. Jillson published a glowing description of Cumberland Falls and its surroundings which, he held, should be set aside "lest industrial and commercial interest creep in and make such acquisition impossible for all time."

Unfortunately, commercial interests propose to erect a dam at a short distance above the waterfall, creating a pool extending to Williamsburg. A flume along the mountainside would, according to these plans, carry Cumberland River, except in times of flood, to a point just below the falls, where it would drop on turbines, a distance of 155 feet, and provide a rather important hydro-electric unit. The introduction of this power project into a region naturally so unique and delightful would seem little short of a great public catastrophe.

Much water had gone over the Cumberland ledge between the time Dr. Jillson wrote that passage and December, 1928, when he appeared before the Federal Power Commission as one of a group surrounding Governor Flem D. Sampson —whose candidacy for the United States Senate is looked upon, in political circles, as one of the certainties of the future—in championship of the power project, which the preceding governor, William Jason Fields, steadfastly opposed. Two successive legislatures had failed to pass a condemnation bill under which Kentucky might have set aside the Cumberland Falls area as a public reservation. When the bill was killed in 1926, Vance Prather, a member of the State Park Commission, gave to newspapers, the names of power lobbyists who, he said, defeated the bill. Two years later a similar condemnation bill was presented to the session of 1928. It had the warm endorsement of Governor Sampson in his message to the legislature. But it went down to defeat unsupported by the administration. Governor Sampson had removed Vance Prather from the State Park Commission, supplanting him with a pro-power appointee. Dr. Jillson, holding his appointment as state geologist at the will of the governor, had for some time been publicly pro-power; and Governor Sampson himself had negotiated an amazing contract to aid the power company to procure Cumberland Falls in exchange for $250,000 to be spent in buying land for park purposes adjacent to the falls, the corporation to enjoy ownership and control of the falls area and the right to strip of timber for construction purposes the land immediately surrounding the falls. The contract was considered by conservationists hardly less than a scandal. It bound the company to nothing which it would not do in its own interest.

WHEN Governor Sampson wrote his message, there had been before the public for some time an offer of Senator T. Coleman duPont of Delaware to buy the Cumberland Falls tract of 200 acres, and 2,000 acres adjacent to it, and present the whole to Kentucky as a state park. Senator duPont was born in Louisville and wished to do something for his state. His offer had disposed of the argument



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What Kentuckians and National Leaders Say

OF all the waterfalls east of the Mississippi, Cumberland Falls in my personal opinion comes nearest to Niagara in grandeur. Their use for power will forever destroy that grandeur and that is too great a sacrifice for America to make to commercial progress. I am keenly interested in the preservation of the falls and I sincerely hope some way may be found to save them for all time.

Washington, D. C. HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

POWER development must be encouraged, but the Cumberland Falls case raises a fundamental issue of grave importance: Are we Americans willing to see the devastating God of Commercial Greed enthroned upon the few remaining examples of such rare natural charm and inspirational scenic beauty as the Cumberland Falls? The Izaak Walton League emphatically says "NO!"

Chicago SETH E. GORDON

TOM WALLACE has had a liberal education in the antics of the power people. The Cumberland Falls controversy has found him out in the front ranks in opposition to the purposes of the power trust and he has given most liberally to the cause, a cause which all America must make itself a part of if we are going to save ourselves from the grip of the most vicious monopoly that ever has been undertaken in this land. Aside from the power phase of the controversy, Cumberland Falls ought to be saved for the pleasure of the people for all time. We are growing more park-minded in this country every day and we ought to be reserving for posterity all of those more interesting sites which are available now but which will be lost if we fail to take immediate action.

Washington, D. C. GERALD P. NYE

THE amount of water to be withheld by the dam, and that to be released according to the proposals of the power company, would reduce the width and depth of the water falling over the brink of Cumberland Falls to a sad travesty of its normal beauty.

New York RAYMOND H. TORREY

I HAVE given much attention and consideration to the Cumberland Falls situation. It seems to me that there is no justification for the destruction of these Falls. I sincerely hope they will be preserved.

Washington, D. C. WILLIAM E. BORAH

OF course, I am thoroughly in sympathy with the effort to save Cumberland Falls. I have not seen it, but would anyone challenge the right or reasonableness of any American's protest against the destruction of Niagara by asking the question, "Have you seen Niagara and do you know what you are talking about?"

New York T. GILBERT PEARSON

CONSIDERING all the water flowing down hill in Kentucky, it does seem as though a site for a power dam and reservoir might be found which would not sacrifice Kentucky's greatest scenic asset—Cumberland Falls. Besides it may well be that Kentucky's coal, of which there is much, offers cheaper power to her people than Kentucky's water. The water will be there to use if and when the coal is consumed.

Washington, D. C. FREDERIC A. DELANO

WOULD we sell for gain, if we could, the memory of George Washington, of Abraham Lincoln? Can we, in safety to our democracy, further endanger the spiritual foundations of grandeur and beauty on which patriotism depends, such as Niagara, the Yosemite, Cumberland Falls? "I love thy rocks and rills"—is that line to be wholly a lie?

Harrisburg, Penn. J. HORACE MCFARLAND

THE beauty of the Cumberland Falls is a great national asset and should be nationally conserved.

Boston JOSEPH LEE

EVERY nature-loving American should endorse the project to save Cumberland Falls. Every patriotic Kentuckian should be willing to fight for its preservation.

New York IRVIN COBB

THE fate of Cumberland Falls, one of the beauty spots of America, hangs in the balance. The wild reserve with its two thousand acres of forest, surrounding the magnificent cataract, will be given over to destruction if immediate steps are not taken to prevent it. It is to be earnestly hoped that the Federal Power Commission is composed of men sufficiently intelligent and long sighted, to protect Kentucky and the nation from the errors of a state government which through ignorance of the value of such a heritage as Cumberland Falls, is willing to exchange a state's birthright for a mess of potage.

Louisville, Kentucky ALICE HEGAN RICE

Who Signs

Horace M. Albright, *Director, National Park Service*
Seth E. Gordon, *Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America*
Gerald P. Nye, *U. S. Senator from North Dakota*
Raymond H. Torrey, *Secretary, American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society*
William E. Borah, *U. S. Senator from Idaho*
T. Gilbert Pearson, *President National Association of Audubon Societies*
Frederic A. Delano, *President American Civic Association*
J. Horace McFarland, *Chairman National Parks Committee*
Joseph Lee, *President Playground and Recreation Association of America*
Irvin Cobb, *Author, and native of Paducah*
Alice Hegan Rice, *Author of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Buffer etc.*
Robert W. Bingham, *Editor and Publisher, The Courier-Journal and The Louisville Times*
Richard P. Ernst, *former Senator from Kentucky*
Desha Breckinridge, *Editor and Publisher, Lexington Herald*
Blanche B. Ottenheimer (*Mrs. Herbert E.*), *Kentucky League of Women Voters*
William A. Welch, *General Manager, Palisade Interstate Park, and a native of Kentucky*
George D. Pratt, *President, American Forestry Association*
Stephen T. Mather, *Chairman, National Conference on State Parks*

CUMBERLAND FALLS is a great scenic asset not only to Kentucky, but to the people of this country. In addition, it is a great commercial asset to Kentucky. More power than can be utilized in a generation is available in the Cumberland Falls area, without touching Cumberland Falls itself. Hence its destruction would be inexcusable from any standpoint.

Louisville, Kentucky ROBERT W. BINGHAM

I CANNOT believe the Federal Government will permit the wanton and unnecessary destruction of one of the beauty spots of America by a power company. Far greater power can be obtained nearby on this same river, leaving the falls intact. The loss of the falls to Kentucky and to the people of the United States would be irreparable.

Covington, Kentucky RICHARD P. ERNST

WHETHER Cumberland Falls shall be preserved in its natural beauty or become another cog in the Insull machine presents, in concrete form, the definite question whether the people have the power to preserve inviolate their most precious treasures from spoilation by greed for gold. With supreme insolence the power interests have chosen to make this a decisive contest. If they win it it is notice to the world that they are supreme in the state of Kentucky through the machinations of their representatives, in unofficial and official positions, and are able to take from Kentucky whatsoever they desire.

Lexington, Kentucky DESHA BRECKINRIDGE

IN finding and disseminating facts relevant to the Cumberland Falls situation, the conservationists are rendering an invaluable service. I see them as peace-time patriots to whom love of country means safeguarding the rights of the people of the state for present and future generations.

Lexington, Kentucky BLANCHE B. OTTENHEIMER (*Mrs. Herbert E.*)

CUMBERLAND FALLS is the one outstanding scenic feature of Kentucky's natural beauty. It would be just as much of a crime against humanity to destroy these falls for any commercial development as would be the utter destruction of Niagara Falls or of the Yellowstone Falls in the Yellowstone National Park. Experience has shown, beyond question, that any artificial storage of water for power purposes destroys the natural beauty of lakes and streams at just the time of year when their recreational values are greatest and that the recreational use and the commercial use of such developments are directly opposed and cannot be dove-tailed.

New York WILLIAM A. WELCH

RUSKIN has well said:

> God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us as to us and we have no right by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of the benefit which was in our power to bequeath.

Cumberland Falls come under this category. Save them!

New York GEORGE D. PRATT

IF Cumberland Falls is to be put to its highest use it will be kept unspoiled for the inspiration that its beauty will furnish to the people of Kentucky and all America. No necessity for its use in power development has ever been shown.

Washington, D. C. STEPHEN T. MATHER

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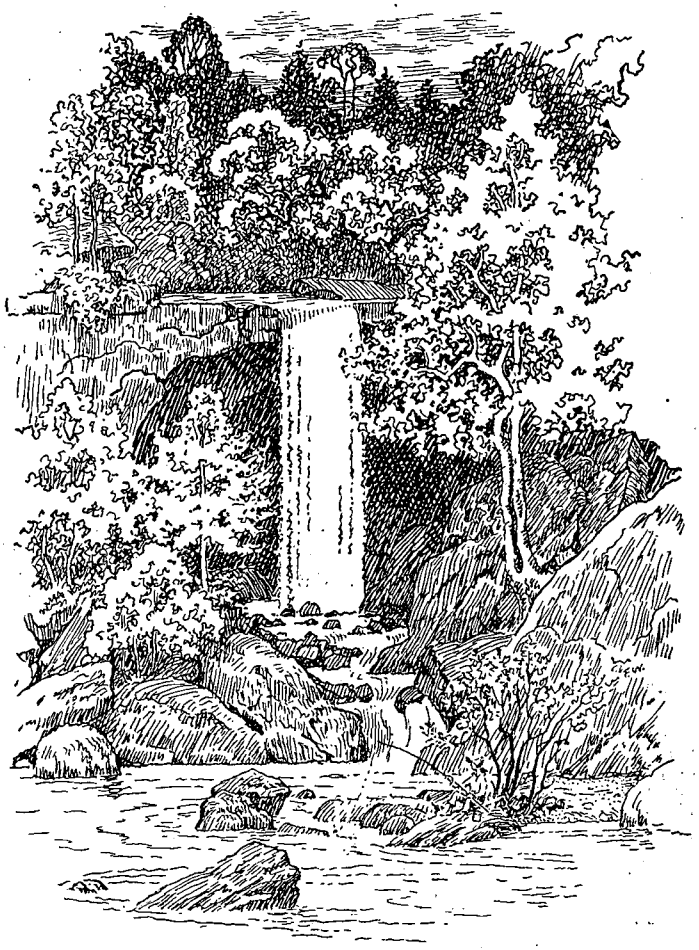

Little Eagle Falls. A thirty foot plunge from the creek mouth ledge to a boulder-strewn pool

that The Louisville Times, The Courier-Journal, The Lexington Leader, The Lexington Herald and other leading Kentucky papers which opposed the power project, were impractical because the state would not buy land for parks.

Prior to writing his message, Governor Sampson invited me, as an opponent of the power project, to visit him in Frankfort. In his office we went into the question at length. I did not assume, however, when his message was subsequently published that he had any intention to aid in passing, or to permit to pass if he could prevent it, the condemnation bill which he recommended. I thought I knew the governor. During the campaign preceding his election he was dubbed by a colleague of mine, "Flim Flam Flem."

Flem D. Sampson's candidacy was the choice of the racing and allied interests which had opposed, for the Republican nomination, Robert Lucas, an opponent of the pari-mutuel law which makes public gambling an exclusive privilege of the racing organization. The takings at Monte Carlo are about $3,000,000 a year. Those of the pari-mutuels in Kentucky are perhaps $2,500,000.

The candidate for the Democratic nomination approved by the racing interests was Robert L. Crowe, former speaker of the Kentucky House, a suave, pleasing, anecdote-telling, persuasive rural politician of the old school, with some new-school ideas and equipment, running as a liberal. Mr. Crowe was defeated for nomination by J. C. W. Beckham, formerly governor of Kentucky, and later a United States senator. Mr. Beckham opposed the pari-mutuel law. Had he not done so, he would have won easily. He led his ticket in the subsequent election. But he alone of the Democratic candidates was defeated! The only Republican elected was Sampson for governor. No Democratic candidate but Mr. Beckham mentioned the pari-mutuel law!

I am not opposed to racing or betting. I hold racing a great sport, and betting on races less pernicious than stock market gambling because, by the majority, it is done occasionally, and involves small sums. I grew up on a thoroughbred horse farm. My father owned horses. He won the Ashland Oaks at Lexington, the Fleetwood Stakes at Churchill Downs and races here and there from Saratoga to San Francisco and from New Orleans to Chicago. He tried to win the Kentucky Derby with Hart Wallace, a Longfellow colt named for my brother.

The day before the Derby my father received a telegraphed offer of $15,000 for the "racing qualities" of Hart Wallace, the animal to revert to the breeder's ownership at the end of his turf career, for use as a stallion. In those days, the Kentucky Derby, now worth $50,000 to the winner, paid only $5,000. The American dollar was a pre-Spanish American War dollar, not merely pre-World War, and $15,000 was a far larger sum than it is in 1929. A family council was called, and the offer submitted to a vote in which my parents and every child voted as persons equally concerned. We sat in a circle in the sitting-room of our farm house, under the "swinging" kerosene lamp of the period, and voted, unanimously, to refuse the offer. My mother, a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and my youngest sister, a child who sat with her doll upon her knee, voted as promptly as the rest.

After we lost the Derby, and when turf writers called the Longfellow colt, in whom our hopes of fortune and turf fame had rested, "the magnificent counterfeit," we sold him for $750. So I might say that I came of a racing family which, in a sense and upon occasion, was a gambling family.

I am not assailing races, or race-track betting therefore, but trying to explain the political background of a governor of Kentucky when I quote Christine Bradley South, daughter of William O. Bradley, the first Republican governor of Kentucky. Speaking prior to the nomination of Flem D. Sampson whom, as her party's nominee, she later supported on the stump, Mrs. South said:

> The sinister influence of this legalized gambling monopoly disrupts and confuses every session of the General Assembly. It is a stumbling block that slows and hinders the wheels of progress. Legislation for education and charitable institutions, for roads and highways are all overshadowed by this mighty power of the racing influence. There will be no peace anywhere until this power is driven from the state.

The racing group, composed partly of hard-boiled business men, bankers and brokers, some of them entirely unfamiliar with horses, and devoted to the pari-mutuel system solely for its revenues, is without party sentiment. In alliance with other selfish interests, it operates

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through both political parties in the legislature, and in pre-nomination and pre-election activities to elect men who are not likely to be under any temptation to consider public welfare first.

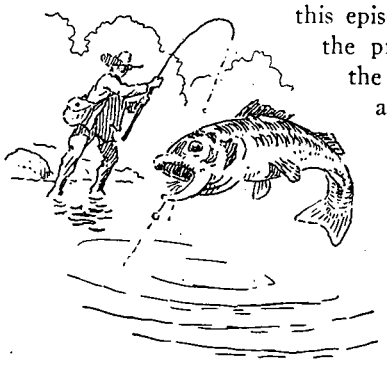
When Governor Sampson came into office, the Kentucky Utilities Company, an Insull subsidiary interested in the power project at Cumberland Falls, had taken into its service as a lobbyist, the defeated Democratic pro-racing candidate, Robert L. Crowe.

It was under these circumstances that the State Park condemnation bill, to which the Republican governor gave lip-service in his message, went to a committee technically formed by the Democratic lieutenant-governor; also professedly in favor of the reservation of Cumberland Falls as a state park. The committee did not report the bill. It was taken to the floor over the heads of the majority members of the committee and failed of passage in the Senate by only one vote. The hand of the governor did not appear at any time in its behalf.

This legislature of 1928 was lobby-ridden. After the session closed, twenty or twenty-five lobbyists were indicted by the Franklin County grand jury. Their alleged offense was appearing on the floor, which under a Kentucky statute is a felony. The charges were amended to misdemeanor and among sundry convictions was that of Crowe.

IT was the December following this session (last December) that the Federal Power Commission composed of Secretaries Jardine, Davis and West heard the Cumberland Falls case; and before them, Governor Sampson championed the bargain he had made with the power company in the name of his state. Mr. West, a former Insull attorney, had not then been confirmed by the United States Senate as secretary of the interior. Before his name was to come up for confirmation, Senator Borah put through a resolution calling for delivery of the entire Cumberland Falls record to the Senate. This resolution, it is believed, was occasioned chiefly by the so-called "Sampson-Insull" contract. In due course, Mr. West, promising not to sit in Insull cases thereafter, was confirmed at a secret session of the Senate. Uproar was occasioned a few days later when the United Press published an alleged tabulation of the vote, generally believed to have been accurately made, and turned over by a senator who was impatient of the cowardice of his colleagues.

As indicated, our December hearing before the Federal Power Commission had antedated this episode; the commission, over the protest of the attorney for the Kentucky conservationists, and with Mr. West voting, divided into three parts the allowance of time for the hearing. This gave Governor Sampson and his Park Commission, under contract with the Insull power company, one third of the time, and the power company itself one third. The conservationists had one third. As a result, many of those they had assembled, including members of the Kentucky delegation in the National House of Representatives, had to retire unheard. The Kentucky protestants were supported by the National Conference on State Parks (which rarely goes into any state controversy), the American Civic Association (which has investigated 900 prospective power projects and objected to but two aside from Cumberland Falls), the Izaak Walton League of America, the Camp Fire Club of America, the Garden Club of America, and other organizations. Newspapers all over the United States, those of Cincinnati and Columbus being especially persistent, had taken up the fight of an unorganized, moneyless, group in Kentucky to save a great asset of their state.



At a subsequent meeting (Mr. West not voting) the outgoing commissioners laid over for decision by their successors an issue raised by the power attorneys, which transcended our state fight and concerned all conservationists in every state. But before discussing that issue, I must pick up the thread of our Kentucky experience with the cumbersome machinery at Washington and the cogs that enter into its manipulation. To our sorrow we learned that when power interests want to take over a scenic asset over which the Federal Power Commission has jurisdiction, a possibility is a decision, adverse to a state's interest, made by one man. That man is the occupant of an obscure position in Washington. He is not a bureau head. He is not publicly or politically accountable, like a member of the cabinet.

Technically the Federal Power Commission, composed of the secretaries of war, agriculture and the interior, pass in certain circumstances upon applications for permits for hydro-electric dams. Routine procedure has been to accept the recommendations of the commission's executive secre-

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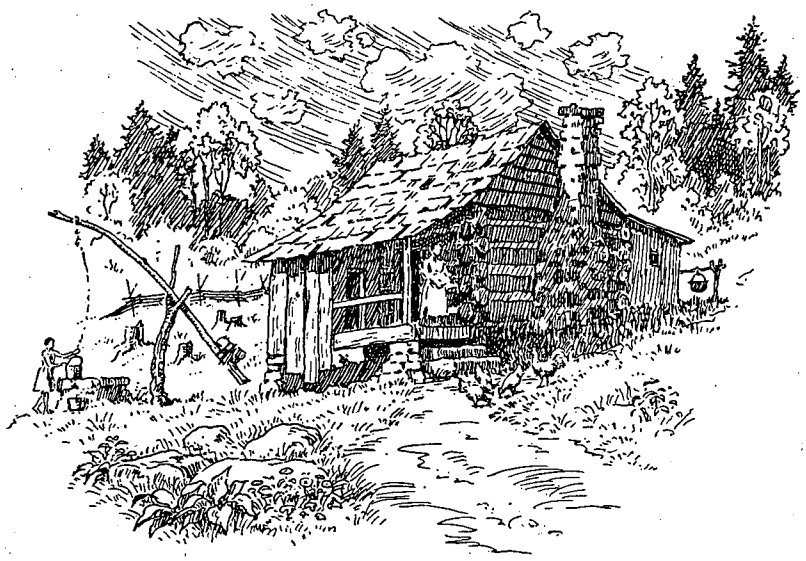
tary. This is a fault of the law rather than the fault of the cabinet officers, who cannot be field men.

In pointing out that a dangerous situation exists, I am not questioning the integrity of anyone who has served as executive secretary of this commission. It is out of all reason that the power interests, probably greater than the oil interests in financial power and exceeding any preceding business combination in effrontery, exposed by the Federal Trade Commission as engaged in subsidizing educators, procuring the preparation of pro-power-plan textbooks for schools, electing law makers, state and national, and maintaining expensive lobbies in every state capital and in Washington, and publicity bureaus in every city and town, may deal with a single inconspicuous subordinate in Washington with hope of final results.



Home life in the mountain wilderness with primitive wells and camp fires against a setting of forests and clouds

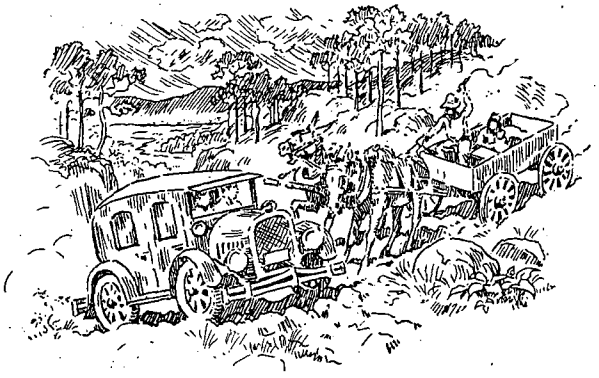
WHEN our Kentucky cataract was first caught in the power net, I went to Washington to investigate conditions under which the Federal Commission was likely to act. Experienced conservationists told me it would be waste of time to talk to the three cabinet officers, as the commission's executive secretary made investigations. I found this official acidly criticizing those who wished Cumberland Falls saved. He was answering letters of protest by asking the protestants whether they had seen Cumberland Falls and were in a position to express opinion. I asked him if he had seen Cumberland Falls himself. Receiving a negative answer, I suggested that he visit the scene of the proposed power plant. He said he would do so. When he arrived in Frankfort, several months later, a representative of the Cumberland Hydro-electric Company was at the station with his automobile to escort the visitor to the falls. There, fifty or sixty men, all well drilled, had assembled to make crisp two-minute speeches advocating the plant. They included company officers, company lawyers, company land optioners, land speculators and county politicians. Later on, this executive secretary accepted an invitation to argue for the power plant in a joint debate before the National Conference on State Parks at Hot Springs.

Two years later I went again to Washington and saw personally each member of the Power Commission. The secretary of the interior, Dr. Work, was familiar with the volume and the nature of the protests which had been received. The secretary of agriculture, Dr. Jardine, had heard of the controversy, but confessedly knew nothing about it. He was willing to be informed. He asked if I would not get someone with whom he was personally acquainted, in Kentucky, to write to him, and suggested Dean P. Cooper, of the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentucky. I promised to see Mr. Cooper, and found that, as a member of the State Park Commission, he had already written to Dr. Jardine, who had forgotten about it. The secretary of war, Mr. Davis, knew nothing about the case. He was suave and suggested measures which might procure publicity. Such measures had been taken, and the controversy had raged two years.

I told each secretary that while the three of them might have a legal right to rob Kentucky of Cumberland Falls, they hadn't a moral right to do so without personal investigation. None of the gentlemen was irritated by, or interested in, my contention.

Sometime afterward Dr. Work was scheduled to speak at Lincoln Memorial University, at Harrogate, Tennessee, just beyond the Kentucky line at Cumberland Gap. I was on the same program. I found the excuse to take a university car to Morristown, Tennessee, to meet the then secretary of the interior. A delegation of Great Smoky Mountains National Park advocates waited on the platform for him. Hijacking the Smoky Mountains delegation, I got Dr. Work into the official car and drove away, to employ an hour's drive in convincing him, among other things, that he should visit Cumberland Falls, since he must pass through Corbin, eighteen miles from the falls. I offered to provide a car and a driver. He asked about the road. My heart sank, as I looked at his white spats and immaculate "Prince Albert." He promised to make the journey, but returned to Washington with his spats unspotted by mountain soil.

When Dr. T. W. Rainey, of The Lexington Leader, set on foot a plan this spring to get the three Hoover cabinet officers who constitute the new Federal Power Commission, to visit the falls, I consoled myself with the belief that the honorary president of the Izaak Walton League had assembled a cabinet acquainted with outing clothes.



The national issue raised in the Cumberland Falls case and passed on to the new secretaries of war, agriculture and the interior by their predecessors, was advanced in a brief submitted at last December's hearing of the National Power Commission in

(*Continued on page* 416)

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Batter Up!

By WOOD HAGAN

THE Athletic Director was new, not at managing a baseball team, but at organizing a group of pronounced individualists such as comes out for baseball at Saint Elizabeths Hospital. The Athletic Director knew the names of his players, but little else about them. He did not know for example, that the stocky chap called Joe, who was trying out for shortstop and had already broken two bats, had never before played with regular equipment. Nor did he realize that this was the first baseball team this underprivileged boy had ever come out for; that it was a substitute for grade-school and highschool team. He did know that Joe was rather bull-headed and a poor sport. He observed that Joe habitually used a picturesque vocabulary of cuss words which was not checked by the Athletic Director's admonitions.

Joe did not make a good shortstop and he continued to break one or two bats a day. The Athletic Director patiently explained to Joe the technique of batting: "Hold it loosely, grain up, tighten as you swing, like this, and you won't have any trouble." He also advised Joe: "Shortstop has to be speedy. He has to be flexible. *Reach* man—why a shortstop has to have arms in every direction, and for heaven sakes put more into your ball to first. You're too slow."

At the end of two weeks Joe had broken twelve bats; had played impossibly bad ball and had directed his stinging vocabulary at the Athletic Director, who finally took him out and put him on the bench. The Athletic Director had lost his temper with Joe. He came and reported this loss to the Field Director. Joe did not. Joe looked into the office and commented sullenly, "I reckon you believe every word that high-class college fellow tells you about us, don't you?"

THE Field Director asked Joe to come in. He sat furiously by her desk.

"How about these bats, Joe?"

"Well, I did. Busted twelve."

"Why?"

"Don't know. Bats no good, I reckon."

"Do you know how to hold a bat properly?"

"He tried to tell me. He makes me sore. So damned classy. College fellow stuff."

"Did you break the bats on purpose?"

"No."

"Is there anything the matter with your arm?"

"No."

"Dr. Freeman ever examine it?"

"No."

"Are you playing baseball this afternoon?"

"No. He took me out. Says I can't play any more."

"Ever play tennis?"

"No."

"Like to try?"

"Kinda sissy, isn't it?"

"Oh, not so very."

"All right."

"Suppose you take up tennis and let baseball alone for awhile. Bats are expensive and I can't let one man break so many. Curious thing, anyhow. How do you explain it?"

"Don't know. Are you going to take my name off Keith's list?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Thought you were sore. If you ain't, why don't you walk right up to that fellow and tell him to let me play ball? You're the boss ain't you?"

"Baseball has nothing to do with Keith's. So far you haven't broken anything at the theater. I'm not sore about the bats—I'm puzzled, and until I find out why you broke the bats I'd like you to let baseball go and try tennis."

THE second day on the courts Joe cracked a newly strung racquet. He came to the office and turned it in himself, explaining that it was an accident. The Field Director accepted his explanation.

At the end of two weeks the Field Director agreed to play a set with Joe, who had been bragging ostentatiously about his prowess in tennis. It was peculiarly irritating to hear this clumsy youngster patting himself on the back, saying: "You know old T.? Well, I beat him two out of three! I don't see anything so grand about D. Claims he's a champion. Gosh, I bet by tournament time I can lick the socks off him."

The sets came off and the Field Director won by the skin of her teeth. Joe played an astonishingly good game; he did not cuss once and on the whole exhibited good sportsmanship, though he was a trifle patronizing.

The Field Director became more and more convinced as she grew to know Joe and as she studied him, that Joe broke the bats because he felt the disapproval of the Athletic Director.

Almost two months after the bat episode Joe, in the course of a conversation, said: "That fellow, the Athletic Director, I reckon he's all right. He's got a good ball team. But he don't like me. He never did, not from the first. I ain't classy enough. He's used to college, that fellow."

The Field Director was going on a vacation. She was having final conferences with her staff.

"By the way—about those bats. You can laugh if you want to and you will, and think me a sentimentalist, but I can tell you why Joe broke the bats now. You want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, he says you don't love him. Is that so?"

"You're darned right—I don't."

"Well, it's a piece of your job. You've got to. That is, if you make a go of it. He's nothing but a child."

The Field Director was back from her vacation and the Athletic Director was making his report. In conclusion, he added:

"Well, I babied your child while you were gone."

"Which one?"

"Joe."

(*Continued on page* 417)

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Playland—How It Pays!

By FRANK W. DARLING

IN 1923 less than eight hundred million dollars; in 1927 one billion three hundred million dollars! These comparative figures are the concrete evidence of the increase in assessed valuation of taxable property in Westchester County, New York—a phenomenal rise, and due in large measure to the creation of the Westchester County Park System. This system is the magnificent accomplishment of the Westchester County Park Commission, which has given to the county a network of roads and boulevards such as no other district in the country boasts of, which has transformed waste spaces and dump-heaps into beauty spots of rare loveliness, and which offers to the country at large the outstanding example upon which other sections are more and more modeling similar bodies.

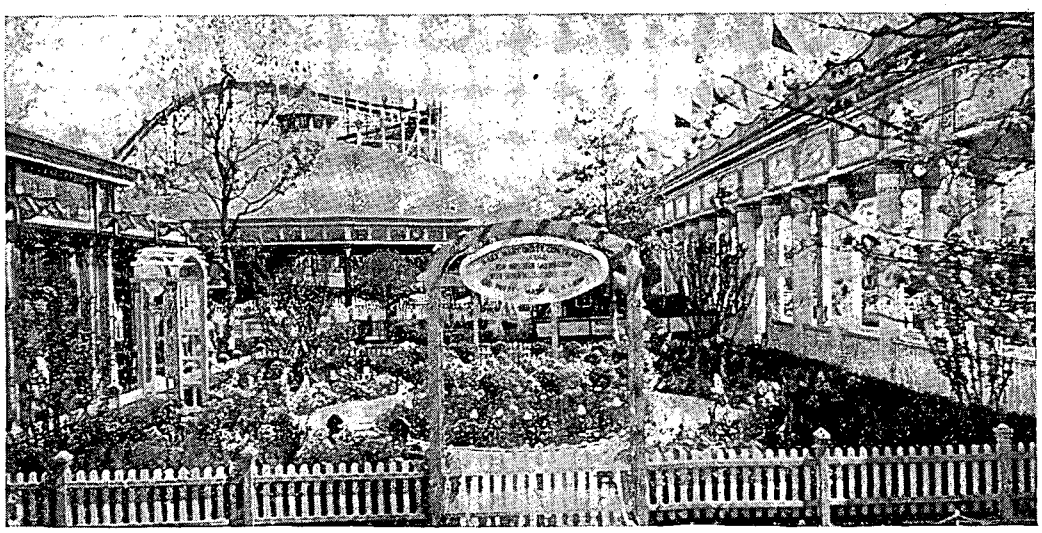
The commission, as constituted, is an unusual public body. Though politically created, it is composed of individuals without political aspirations. Each had made a success of business life and each is a public-spirited philanthropist. The personnel of the Westchester County Park Commission is V. Everit Macy, president, John G. Agar, William J. Wallin, Felix M. Warburg and Mrs. William A. Read. They are guided by their chief engineer, Jay Downer, a man of gentle strength, untiring energy, and uncanny foresight. Parenthetically it may be added that it was under Mr. Downer's direction that the Bronx River Parkway and all those other beautiful parkways which are making Westchester County the best place in which to live were built. The commission was organized only in 1922; already the natural beauties of the many parkways, built in these few years at an expenditure of approximately $50,000,000, are known the country over. We say "expenditure" advisedly because it was at no financial cost to the county. The parkways have so increased the value of taxable property that they have more than paid for themselves.

The most recent product of the commission's vision and practical planning is in the field of pure recreation; Playland, its recreation park, shows that besides giving to the public the highest type of recreation, in all respects superior to the usual commercialized pleasure, a public body is capable of administering a park which at the same time may be a splendid money-making proposition.

People must have recreation. If they are not in a position to obtain wholesome recreation, they will obtain the best they can afford. As the automobile, the machine age, and city life more and more impose sedentary habits upon us, some counter-avenue must be provided for physical activity, and modern conditions make this ever more difficult to find. Unconsciously the individual craves such activity, and will take advantage of whatever opportunities are offered. The immediate financial success of new skating rinks, dance floors, bowling alleys, shooting galleries, prospering in spite of Broadway rentals, is evidence of this.

Appreciating this vital public need, nearly every existing political division in our country has some organized body to provide public parks. But in the main these are but breathing spots with "Keep off the grass" signs protecting the only areas where activity is possible. Park benches may provide facilities for the display of certain emotions whetted by the stuffy movie, but rarely has any park body recognized the necessity of supplying facilities for physical activities.

To this lack on the part of the public authorities the Westchester County Park Commission is the outstanding exception. The experiment of the commission in the establishment of Playland at Rye, New York, is concrete evidence of the recognition of the necessity for supplying facilities for physically active recreation, which is healthy, wholesome and beautiful. It is also convincing proof that, given the facilities and the right atmosphere, people will come for many miles to play, and are willing to pay for it. The motives which moved the Westchester County Park Commission to make this experiment were not unusual. Most of the reasons should be apparent to any public body not satisfied to take the conventional and easy course regardless of the needs of those who are to benefit.



MARY'S GARDEN AT PLAYLAND

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row."

In establishing Playland, Mr. Downer made plain the motives, showed the way of

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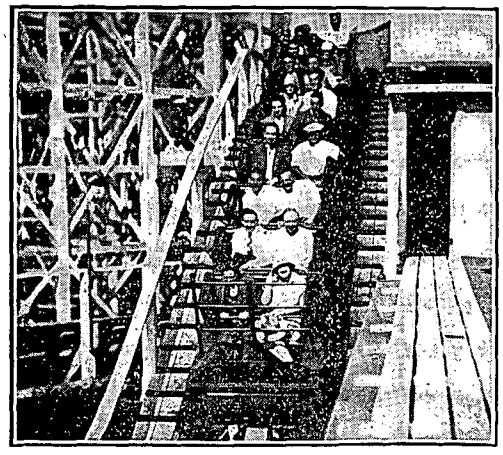
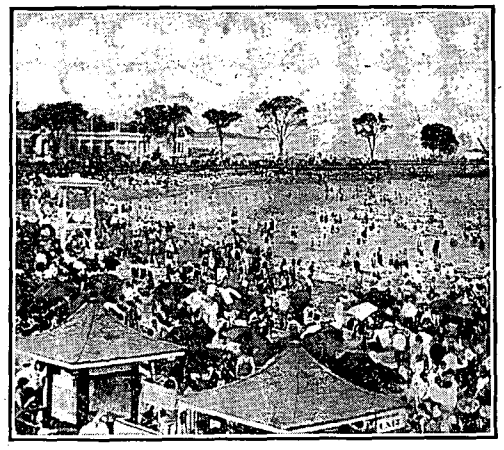
accomplishment, selected experts to counsel, and personally directed the details of the planning, construction and operation. With the commission, the determination to do a thing must be immediately followed by the accomplished fact, and this seven million dollar recreation center was completed in less than two years. The primal motive of creating wholesome recreation centers had moved the commission to smaller projects of a similar purpose. Several public golf courses, swimming pools and bathing beaches had been established, and, in accordance with a settled policy, each had been made self-supporting by moderate charges. In fact the income not only paid the running expenses, the interest and depreciation on the investment, but left a profit to be applied to the maintenance of other parks and parkways which earn no income. So Playland was really but the evolution of an idea.

Back of Playland lay a special local situation which was the determining factor in locating the project. What had long been known as Rye Beach was a series of beautiful sand cove beaches held in between peninsulas of worn bedrock, surmounted by trees and vegetation and extending out into Long Island Sound. This strip of shore land seemed designed by nature to be a playland, and it had always been such. Long before the advent of the whites, red men gathered there for their dignified sports and relaxation from tribal wars. The early colonists used it for picnics and outings. But commercialized amusements had gradually taken over the whole area without plan or order until it had become a place of riot and rowdyism, so that law-abiding citizens shunned the neighborhood. Added to this, back of the shore strip lay, for the most part, low land and marshes, a breeding place for swarms of gnats and mosquitos. This double plague was a fester in Westchester which the commission determined to buy and recreate.

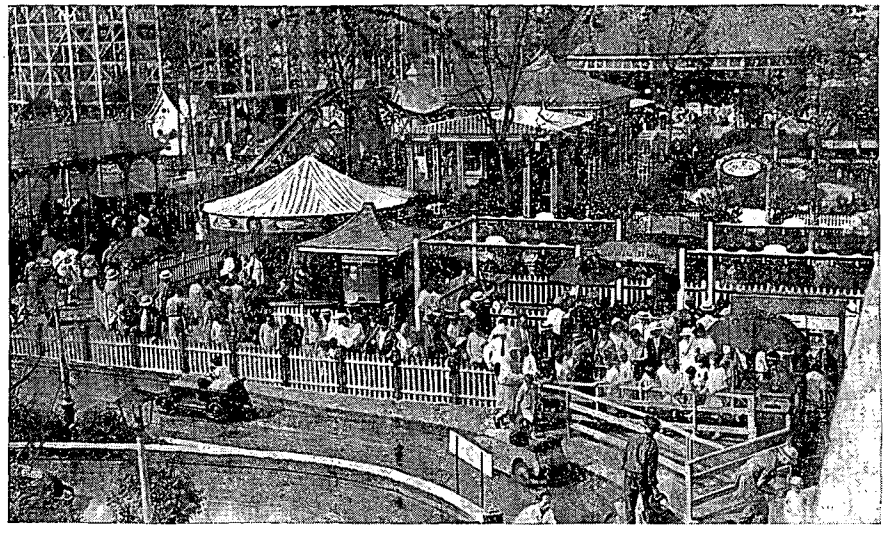


The Aeroplane Coaster

In the spring of 1927 the commission's forces began grading. Steam shovels and dredges pumped the bottom out of half the swamp, thus making a deep lake of eighty acres on the one hand, and dry land on which to build beyond. On July 1 the construction forces began work on the buildings, pavements, planted areas and other facilities. The project had moved so fast that plans and specifications could not be prepared in time for contracting, so the commission's own forces did all the construction work. On account of existing leases in the old amusement parks, only restricted areas could be improved, but after Labor Day, 1927, and until the opening the following May, the area had the appearance of an army camp in the making. Over 1,000 men, steam shovels, dredges, pile drivers, caterpillar tractors and trucks delivering materials, swarmed over the area.



The Bathing Beach



Kiddyland, where everything is made to fit small hands and short legs

Buildings were begun and completed in a week. Although the great Playland baths, built of concrete and tile to accommodate 10,000 patrons could not be started till December 16, they were open to the public on May 24. After March 1, the pressure was terrific. Armies of painters, decorators, electricians, gardeners and craftsmen of all sorts swarmed over the place. Gardens of shrubs and perennials grew in a day. Great elms, maples, oaks and other trees came by dozens, were dropped into prepared holes, and seemed to have grown there for years. Over a million square feet of pavements were completed in three weeks. Picnic groves and beaches grew like magic. Restaurants, amusement devices, riding paths and boat-houses were equipped, tuned up and ready for patrons a week before the advertised opening day. The operating crew of four hundred were uniformed, trained and ready. On May 24, 1928, Playland was opened for the inspection of the commission and county officers. On May 26 the public was invited.

Although there had been considerable publicity, the public did not seem at first to grasp the idea that this new center was anything more than an ordinary amusement park. On opening day the management was greatly disappointed by the small attendance, but encouraged by the "Ohs" and

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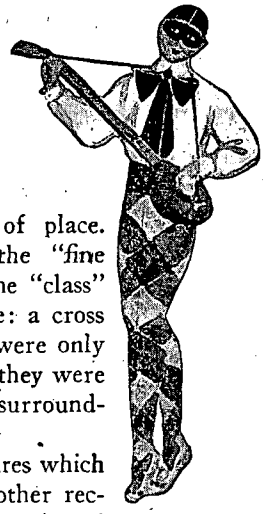
"Ahs" of the two or three thousand who came. Next day they all came back—and brought their neighbors. By the third day the news had spread, and Playland was crowded. On Memorial Day, it was swamped. Automobile parking space had been provided for four thousand cars; six thousand were taken care of, and the others could not get off the Boston Post Road. Space had been made for thirty street busses, but bus-loads of people seemed to come from every direction. From that day until the closing in October, Playland never lacked for patronage. Foresight had provided extensive colonnades and other roofed areas, so that it could operate in the rain. As entrance to the park itself is free—an admission charge being made to the individual attraction—the season's visitors could only be estimated by careful checks and computations, but a conservative figure places the attendance at 2,800,000 visitors.

Playland had been built on a business basis. The management was required to make a close estimate of the probable gross receipts and expenses, to determine the net income. The cost of Playland was determined by this net income. In addition, it is necessary that the net income pay interest on the investment, depreciation, a profit of 6 per cent to assist in other maintenance and amortize the bonds in eighteen years. The gross receipts for Playland's first season exceeded the estimate by 80 per cent, and the net in proportion. Financially, Playland was a success. Was it equally as successful from other aspects?

As intimated above, Rye Beach had become a summer rendezvous for a rough crowd. Its reputation was bad. How to reverse this order of things was one of the major problems. The Park Commission held strongly to the view that if Playland was made exceedingly beautiful, if it could be spacious, dignified, wholesome and clean and still preserve a distinctive spirit of play, then the visitors would lend themselves to the atmosphere of their surroundings and Playland would serve its purpose. That this theory was correct was conclusively proven by subsequent events.

Beauty was obtained by great care in architectural form, line and details, and by masses of trees, shrubs and flowering plants. Art panels were let into lintel spaces of the colonnades, into building cornices and fronts. Six accomplished young artists were inspired to design and paint these hundreds of panels, which did much to ordain the atmosphere of beauty and play. The lighting was especially studied so that it should not be glaring but radiant; no spots were over-emphasized, and all avenues were made shadowless. Cleanliness was emphasized. The management often made the test of dropping a paper; if it was still on the ground fifteen minutes later, the patrol of that district was disciplined. Even during days of dense crowds, no rubbish or litter was to be found on the grounds or beaches.

A group of police stationed near the main entrance was instructed to follow closely any rowdy gang who entered. But police interference was seldom necessary. Many came to scoff, but remained to play. It was one of the pleasing digressions of the director to pick up a gang of "rough-necks" at the entrance and follow them into Playland. Invariably, before they had been there twenty miutes, their spirit had changed to one of appreciative enjoyment, in harmony with the spirit of the place. Everyone behaved, yet everyone was gay. Whole families came in great numbers for lunch or dinner in some of the excellent cafes, and remained together to play. Parents grew to have a feeling of security if they knew their young people were at Playland. Groups who came in full evening dress from club or private dinners caused no comment nor did they seem out of place. Visitors constantly remarked on the "fine class of people" at Playland. But the "class" was the same as at any public place: a cross section of the great republic. They were only "classy" in their orderliness, because they were stimulated to harmonize with their surroundings.



Aside from the usual physical features which Playland possesses in common with other recreation centers, such as bath-houses, beach and pool, boardwalk, restaurants and amusement devices, there are a few special features as well. A considerable area convenient to the entrance was set aside as a place for children to play, "Kiddyland." Its center is a formal garden called "Mary's Garden," with "cockle shells and silver bells and pretty maids all in a row," carpeted with brilliant flowers. Around this are arranged all the devices of an amusement park in miniature, to fit small hands and short legs: a miniature whip, ferris wheel, circle swing, carousel, coaster; a tiny railway with real "choo-choo" trains; a pony track with Shetlands and burros. Besides these unique features, "Kiddyland" is equipped with a playground containing slides, teeters, swings and other play apparatus, a wading pool, doll house and a well filled house of monkeys. Here parents can "park 'em and forget 'em," and know that their children are safe and happy, in charge of competent nurses and play attendants, while they themselves are free to enjoy the rest of Playland.

The Picnic Groves have been made a special feature of Playland. A large area bordering the Sound is planted to screen small picnic groups or accommodate large organization outings. During the first season over two hundred industrial, political and religious organizations arranged outing days. As early as March of this year, more organizations had booked reservations than were accommodated all last year. The commission, believing that an outing for employes of commercial firms or members of a social organization is a great force toward the cementing of cooperative morale, provide every facility free of charge and even give greatly reduced admission rates to all amusements for organizations which make reservations in advance.

The swamp, which was transformed into a lake with wooded shores and islands, has now become a boating resort, with neither tide nor surf. Canoes and rowboats are provided at nominal rentals, and several gasoline launches run on twenty-five minute excursions. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect way of lazying through a summer day than stored snugly in a canoe in the shade of one of the islands of Playland Lake.

Westchester County is noted for its gardens and its garden lovers. The commission has made a particular effort to stimulate this wholesome hobby by providing in Playland examples of all kinds of practical gardens: shrubs and evergreen groupings, border planting, hardy borders, rose gardens, rock gardens, a Japanese garden and extensive cutting beds. The plants are labeled for (*Continued on page* 415)

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Getting Away with Murder

The Illinois Crime Survey Penetrates the Underworld

By JUSTIN MILLER

WHEN a Chicago gunman's weapon "barks," its echo is heard around the world. Chicago is in bad standing before the country, and this reputation has spread to all corners of the globe. From seaboard to seaboard, public comment has been unanimous in condemnation, which for bitterness and invective has probably never before been equalled. So states Arthur Lashly, director of the survey staff of the Illinois Crime Survey in his introduction to the study of Homicide in Cook County, one of the outstanding chapters of this report.

When the year 1927 came to a close, Cook County, including her restless growing child, Chicago, looked back upon a two-year period of crime, including 760 murders, and found that she was suffering sadly from a powerful alliance between politics and organized crime. This realization was the direct result of the Illinois Crime Survey, which revealed a passive and inefficient system of criminal administration attempting to cope with the science, daring, secrecy, and skill of a brazen underworld.

Although the technique of crime surveys seems to be crystallizing along more or less definite lines; largely, no doubt, because of the fact that some of the same survey experts, such as Raymond Moley, Bruce Smith, C. E. Gehlke, and Arthur V. Lashly, have been engaged in several of them, yet in many respects the survey of crime conditions in Illinois, and more particularly in Chicago and Cook County, revealed conditions peculiar to those areas. On the other hand, many of the evils in criminal administration found to exist in the Cleveland, New York, and Missouri Crime Surveys reappeared in the Illinois Crime Survey with a regularity which was at the same time aggravating, and yet in its confirmation of former findings, pleasing.

Most of the work of this project was financed by the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice. However, an understanding was effected between this association and the Chicago Crime Commission as a result of which the records of the latter organization were made available and the report of the survey is published by the two organizations in cooperation. The chapters on Organized Crime were financed and directed in part by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology and published by the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice. This was also true of the study of paroles.

Although the survey is designed to be state-wide in its scope, nevertheless, except for a few chapters devoted particularly to such problems as rural police protection, and down-state prosecution, the report in the main is concerned with crime conditions and methods of crime existing in Chicago and Cook County.

The need for more adequate criminal statistics was demonstrated in the early days of the survey, and has been emphasized in the report of W. C. Jamison, assistant director of the survey, who compiled the chapters on Record Systems. Information was not easily obtainable. In Illinois, each county is a unit for criminal law enforcement. Within the county, justices of the peace, coroners, sheriffs, constables, city police, county courts, circuit courts and state's attorneys function without coordination or supervision. In some counties the situation is further complicated by the establishment of city courts, and in addition the State Highway Police operates over the entire state.

Chicago, in the eyes of the world, is a killing center, particularly because of the large number of gang killings which have resulted from the attempts, by well organized gangs, to create monopoly districts for the control of the liquor and gambling privileges. In 1926 and 1927 in Cook County there were 130 gang mur-

(*Continued on page* 418)

From The City, by Frans Masereel

"The whole crooked scheme of the Chicago underworld is the alliance between the gangsters and the politicians"

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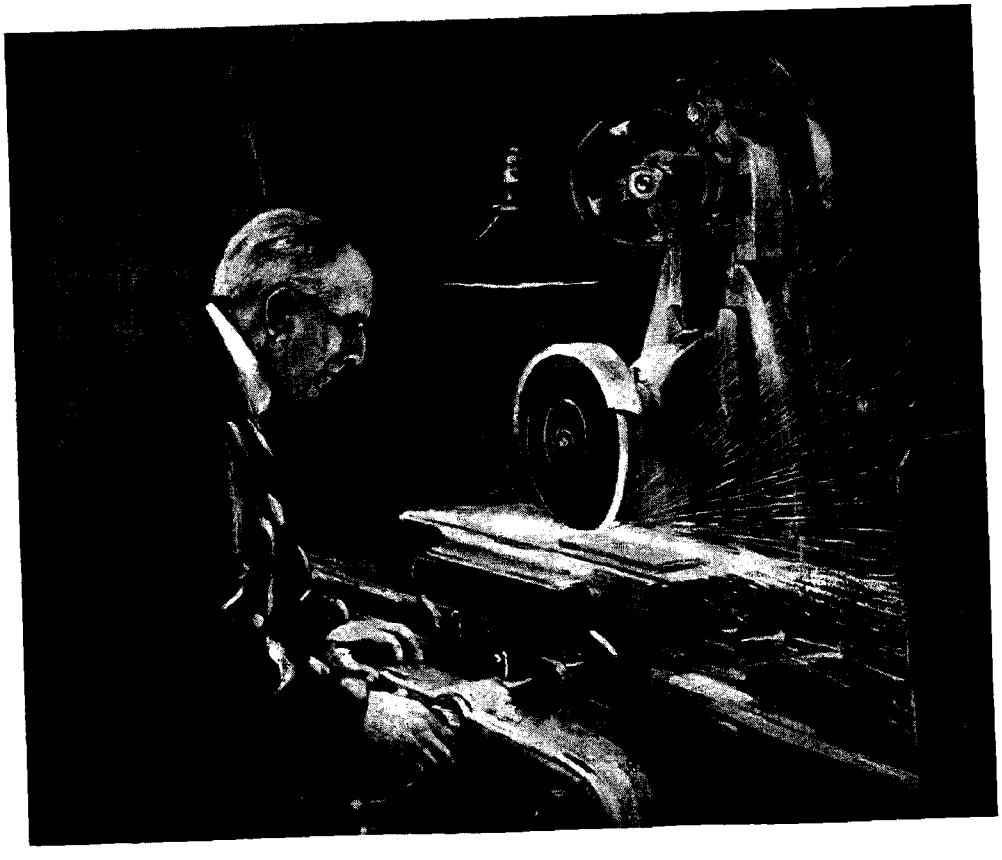
Courtesy Art Center, New York

Where Years Are an Asset



Two craftsmen who have been with the Toledo Scale Company for twenty-six years. An inscription attached to the portrait above praises this worker's unusually nimble fingers and alert mind in assembly operations. The man at the left has become a genuine artisan at designing and making tools, a painstaking trade.

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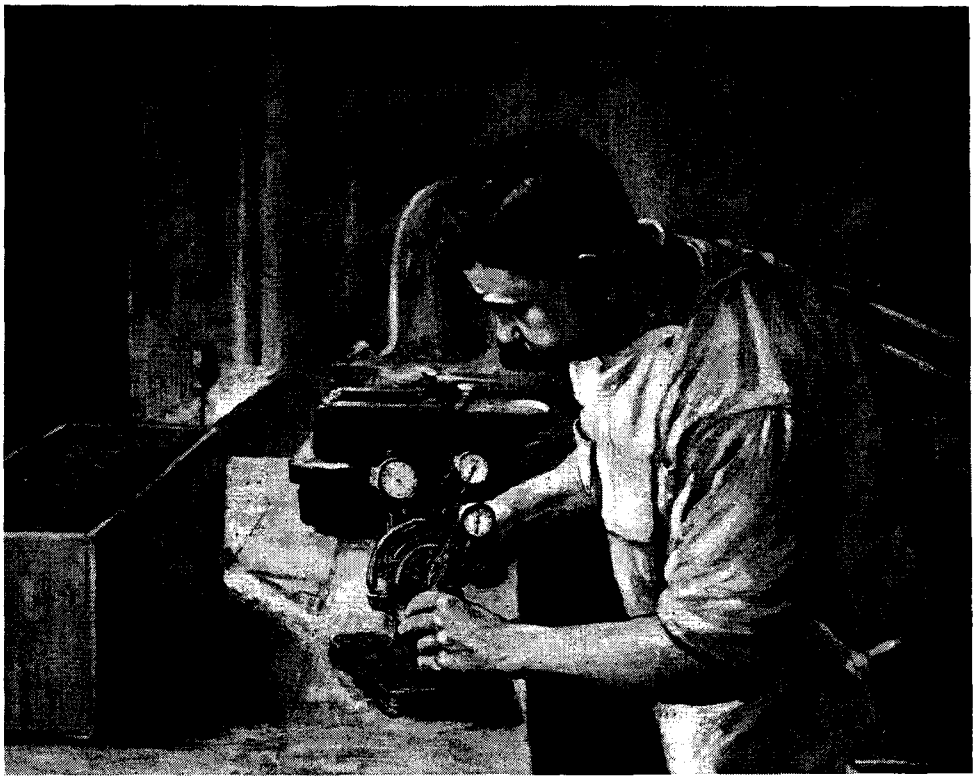
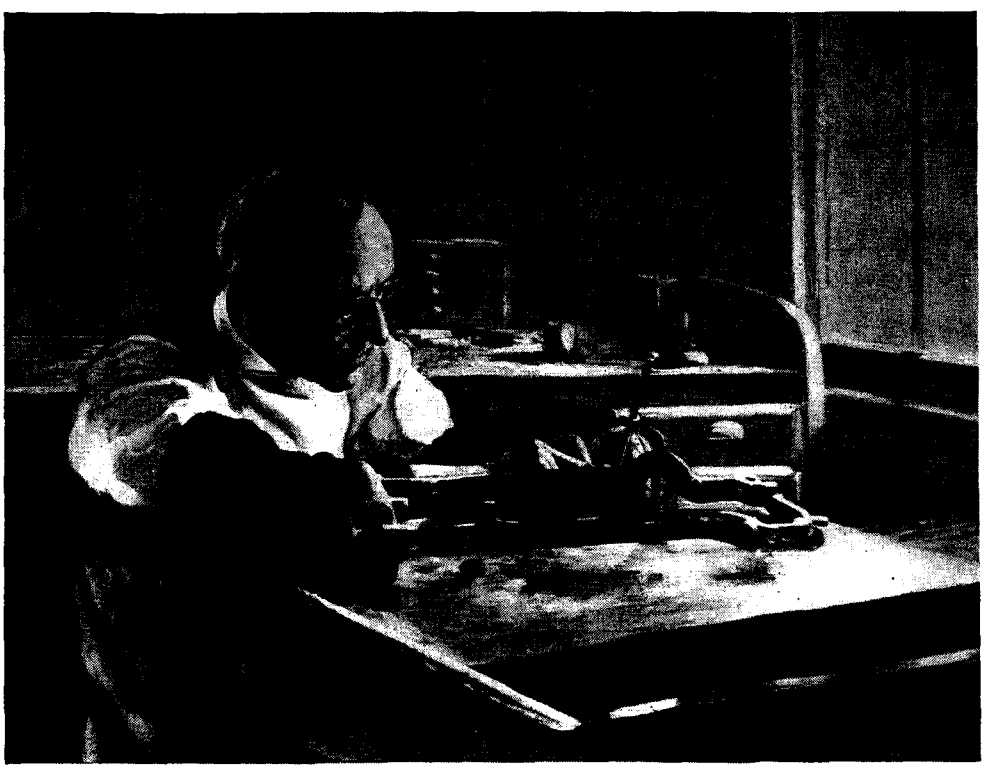


The finish grinding of the radius on cams requires accuracy to one ten-thousandth of an inch. This man has done such precise work with success for sixteen years.

THE paintings of four workmen, which are here reproduced, are from a series of fourteen portraits made in the factory of the Toledo Scale Company by Georges La Chance of Toledo, Ohio. Selecting men whose long term of service with the company has made them craftsmen of a high order, the artist painted them against their familiar background. "The same love of their particular work, the same meticulous care and pride of accomplishment, the same personal devotion is seen in the artisanship of these men as in their predecessors of the guilds," asserts Blake-More Godwin, director of the Toledo Museum where the portraits were recently exhibited. Here is an instance where calendar age signifies experience.



Seventeen years of experimental work have proved the man to the left to be a craftsman with vision. He is shown engrossed in making a part for a new model.

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Scrapped at Forty

By LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

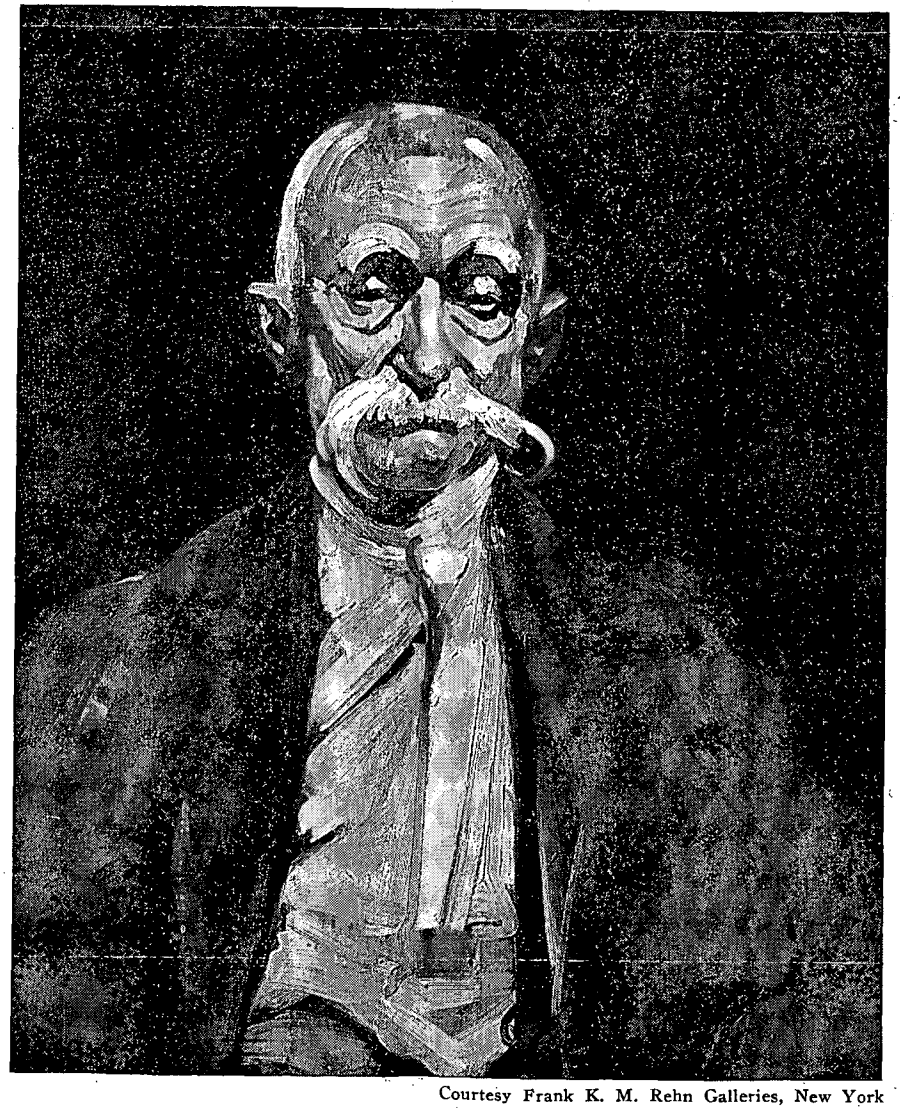
WE need facts and figures as to the number of people who are being discharged from industries for no other real reason except the feeling that their calendar age makes them inefficient, or who are being refused jobs for the same reason. We know that increasingly the age at which men and women are being "released" is lowered and that simultaneously industry is refusing re-employment to these people. They furnish an important element of the unemployed. No one seems to know their number, though it seems certain it is increasing. Few seem to realize that the problem they present is of outstanding importance.

What are the reasons why men and women of fifty, forty-five and even forty are out of jobs and unable to find jobs? The management states, "We are afraid of becoming an Old People's Home." "We want to be in style and have young people." The notion seems to prevail that one can get younger people cheaper: that they are more adaptable, more amiable and more even-tempered.

The benevolent employer may state that it is easier for the men to find a job at forty or forty-five than at fifty or fifty-five. Therefore, "release" him at an earlier age. The would-be progressive manufacturer states that he has put a new man in charge of a department and naturally he should be allowed to choose his own staff. Another type will have some antiquated notions concerning women's health, which puts them in the discard even earlier than men. These are the reasons given.

What lies back of them? Probably, consciously or unconsciously, a fear of being forced to assume responsibility, in individual cases sensed though perhaps not understood, by others who follow the bad example as one follows a fashion.

Industrial leaders, individuals and corporations, have shown themselves increasingly so progressive that it is unthinkable that this situation should continue, if it is once really understood. If we constantly lower the age at which men and women are considered employable, we shorten the industrial work-span of our entire industrial organization, for surely to lower the age at which workers are admitted for the first time to industries is unthinkable. We put the fear of discharge and unemployment and the results not only on those already discharged but on our older workers, still employed but liable to be dropped, and even on the younger ones. One might hope that this fear would act as an incentive to activity, but this is wrong from the psychiatric standpoint for fear can never be a desirable emotion or motivation. Moreover, we turn some of these workers out, unable to support themselves adequately; many of them with no training to enjoy leisure, even though they have sufficient funds; practically all with skills and satisfactions that function only in the industrial field and therefore have no prospect of a speedy and happy adjustment into any other.



Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York

NIGHT WATCHMAN, *Painting by George Luks*

Surely we are not going to rationalize in this important situation but are going to face the facts exactly as they are.

Why do workers want to stay in industry? Some of them who have had unfortunate experiences become like work horses, so conditioned to harness that they have no idea how to act out of it. Others are not happy at home and find the office or job more desir-

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able. Still others, while not actively unhappy at home, are happier on the job. They love the company for which they work. They are fond of their mates with whom, perhaps, they have worked for many years and who share with them, even more than do their children, happy memories. Others actually love their work places or machines and tools, and feel a sense of personal possession which they never feel anywhere else. Others take a real joy in the things they produce, the design, the quality, their own, personal, individual marks of skill. Others, and these are often women, have made the job the big essential thing in their lives, pouring into it not only physical and mental activity but an amount of emotion which no such job deserves or is capable of absorbing. Still others, the intraverted, build themselves into a job and away from disturbing contacts and are emotionally upset at having to leave the comforting shelter.

What is the solution of the problem? No one as yet can say. Certainly old age pensions and various types of insurance would not seem to be the completely satisfactory solution which we had hoped. These will supply ill-health, unemployment and other benefits, but they will not supply the work, the interest, the sense of being needed and a productive element of the community which every normal human being craves. No one who has not faced first hand, or as the partner of someone for whom he greatly cares, the problem of unemployment in its extreme form, where it means lack of work and an actual want, can know what it means. No one who has not studied first hand, case after case of men and women, competent, efficient, eager to work and with every qualification for work except an arbitrarily determined calendar age, knows the state of mind involved.

There are here and there attempts to find less exacting jobs in the organization, as a substitute for discharge. One progressive company has built up a special department where the older workers are assigned tasks less exacting physically, but calling for skill which not only means profit to the management but satisfaction to the man. Undoubtedly parts of the work of planning and training personnel and the other "human element" department could be turned over to the older group. The unions might absorb some for union work. Vocational guidance and vocational schools might absorb others as teachers. Scouting and other group and community activities could absorb more. Especially if industry woke up to the need for providing not only training for new workers but retraining where transfer or promotion is involved.

ROBERT McLAREN, aged 67, is chief draftsman for the plant engineer in a large industry. He has reached the pension age of 60 but he prefers to keep on with his job. His accumulated experience makes him highly efficient and his loyalty to the organization, his department and his chief, is an enormous asset. This his chief recognizes and he will be retained as long as he is satisfied and his work satisfactory. He is not only competent and happy but a source of great pride to his chief who feels that he is efficient to retain such an excellent helper. The transaction is even financially profitable to everyone concerned. He gets full pay while the company which would pay him half pay as a pension is saving that amount by employing him rather than a younger man. There is no advantage taken of this fact as he has been offered a prolonged vacation for travel on pension pay any time he wants it with an opportunity to return to his job on full pay on his return.

MARY SMITH, aged 44, has been a secretary since she was 20 and with her last employer for nine years. She has become, in everything but name, an executive and has handled much of his business, relieving him of everything but the most important decisions and making it possible for him to be away from the office at almost any time. Having been separated from her family, who live in another part of the country, for many years, she has lavished all her interest and affection upon her work, giving it not only most of her time and attention inside and outside the office, but getting most of her satisfactions in the work.

Now, suddenly, she is discharged, because her employer has the fashionable notion that younger women make more efficient secretaries and fears that he will be criticized as behind the times if he has a gray-haired woman as secretary. He is already experiencing the difficulties of doing without a helper who can relieve him of much of his work, but he is too proud to ask her to return. She is bereft. Though she has saved enough to make the fact that she would find it difficult to get another job not of great importance financially, she has no resources or interests, mental or emotional, to make her leisure worth anything to her.

The great need seems to be for real job analysis and personality analysis. We must know exactly the physical, mental and emotional rating. We must know what age men and women can offer in all three fields. Such work as has been done in this line has proved that calendar age is the most useless measurement by which to rate. Yet this is the measuring stick which industry is increasingly using.

We most heartily believe that the application of such job analysis will prove that the new trend is in error. Discharge is an enormous waste. That measurement will show that keeping our older workers in industry so long as they wish to remain and can be used with profit to themselves and the organization which they serve, will be good business. It is not benevolence that is needed or even a higher type of thinking, though these are always serviceable; it is a clearer understanding of the problem and the application of scientific method to its solution.

Once industry realizes this, we may expect results, for there is a growing appreciation of the need to apply science in the handling of the human as well as the material element, and the fact that its application to personnel problems will not only decrease labor turnover but enormously increase human happiness, will add incentives to which industry will be quick to respond.

NORA BROWN, aged 55, has been a machine operator since she was 16. She has made most of her friends in the plant, likes her work, not only because it brings her steady wages, but because she does it well and easily. The largest factor in her satisfaction is that she likes the women with whom she works. Her husband has died, her children are married. She is a welcome guest in their homes and would have been a welcome inmate as long as she is self-supporting.

She is discharged, kindly but finally, because of a change of supervision bringing in the idea that workers over 50 are not efficient at such work. She has enough saved to last through if she is extremely careful, but she wants to work. Her social life has gone with her industrial life. She was a strong, capable, interested, happy worker. She is, overnight as it were, changed into a disappointed, indifferent, unhappy old woman with nothing to do.

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"TO MISLEAD AND CONFUSE POPULAR THINKING"

Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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The Spoils of Normalcy

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

MANY timid souls thought that the collapse of pre-war progressivism marked the end of dangerous new ideas—not realizing that the good government of Roosevelt and Wilson was only the government of Mark Hanna deodorized and that William Jennings Bryan pursued happiness along the street called straight by John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

Materialism became the dominant political philosophy of America after the Great War because all parties had long espoused it. For more than a generation the conservative right wing had exalted *private* property and the radical left had clamored for *public* property and the progressive oscillating center had advocated private property refined by public obligations. But property and prosperity had filled the thoughts of all parties. The composite leadership of social ideas had insisted on a government of the stomach, by the stomach and for the stomach. An inebriated statesman once described this ideal with great accuracy as a "government of the belly-best minds." With the end of the World War a government dedicated to this ideal was established in the United States by almost unanimous consent. Thereafter the spoils of normalcy ripened in the Harding summer, turned golden at the touch of Fall and rotted in the winter of LaFollette's discontent.

For many years before Teapot Dome demonstrated to a submissive populace the exact mechanism for bribing a cabinet officer, or before Samuel Insull reluctantly published some of his private investments in public officials, I had labored in close contact with that "invisible government" in Chicago and Washington, which was destined to become so visible after the Ohio gang had captured the White House. For many years before the Oil Smear, when big business men and national political leaders were joined in indictments and tried as common criminals in the District of Columbia, while their hired detectives hounded public officials, shadowed jurymen and even "framed" a United States senator, I had been experiencing this sort of persecution as a public servant of the City of Chicago. And since my experiences involved not only the same forces, but also many of the same men who were later to go on view in the national "show up," there is both reason and value in narrating some of my adventures during a ten-year fight against the control of government by public utilities in pursuit of private profits.

The manner in which The Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company fought a lawsuit against the City of Chicago certainly furnished me with a liberal education in government according to "business principles." As soon as I had been named special counsel for the city (in 1915), a private detective agency was employed to shadow me, with instructions to report everything I did and everybody I saw—and particularly anything that might provide material for scandal or blackmail. This sleuthing was carried on in the clumsy way standardized by the best advertised agencies, so that I was soon aware of it. After one or two strangers have introduced themselves as long forgotten boyhood friends; after numerous sly inquiries have been made of office employes and household servants; after you have observed the same freckled-faced young man in elevators in four different buildings in the same day, you may begin to suspect that you are being trailed by the "sleepless eye" or the "wizard of secret service." Thereafter, if you don't mind the annoyance, you can have a good deal of fun at the expense of the enemy.

There were other methods of harassing a lawyer that were not so amusing. The conduct of the first judge before whom I appeared was so scandalous that I presented a petition to the entire Circuit Court of twenty judges, asking that this case be taken away from the feebleminded old man who insisted on hearing it contrary to the rules of the court and in violation of settled principles of law. It was notorious that this judge was in his dotage and the gas company lawyers played on his eccentric ideas with scoffing disregard for a decent administration of justice. After a public airing of this situation and a bitter conflict among the judges, the case was transferred to the chief justice of the court, and then, after a peculiar struggle, this action was sustained by the Supreme Court of the state.

Meanwhile, by wire-pulling at the city hall, payment of all my accounts had been prevented—so that for nearly a year not a dollar was paid for the expenses or fees of

IN Chicago and Washington, whether fighting a city attorney controlled by Samuel Insull, or an attorney-general subservient to the oil crowd and the railroads, Donald Richberg found the same machinery at work to force out, scare out, or (in police parlance) even to "rub out" the public servant who opposes those who operate public business for private profit. Behind the scenes of a ten-year legal battle with the Peoples Gas Company, a national railroad strike and the oil scandals, appear detective agencies hounding public leaders, propagandists befuddling public opinion, and perhaps glimpses of "where we are going in the conflict between public and private government." Here is an interesting background for Mr. Richberg's appearance in "the greatest lawsuit in history"—the railroad valuation case,—which will be discussed in the next instalment of his reminiscences in the August Survey Graphic.

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"Materialism had become the dominant political philosophy of America after the Great War"

myself or my associate counsel—the late Glenn E. Plumb, subsequently the author of the famous Plumb Plan for democratic operation of the railroads. When the funds were finally released, new devices were found for delay, so that I would have been literally starved out of the case except that at one time I found a wealthy man with a kind heart and a civic conscience who advanced several thousand dollars, and at another time a friendly banker came to our relief.

Less than a year after the fight began, a court order had been issued compelling the gas company, for the first time in its history, to give city accountants and engineers complete access to its books and properties, so that public officials could value the properties and analyze operating expenses and determine what were reasonable gas rates. All this battle could have been avoided if I had been willing to name a chief investigator "acceptable" to the company. That, naturally, I declined to do. Not long afterward I received a telephone call from Samuel Insull, who was chairman of the board of the gas company (as well as president of the electric company), with an offer to negotiate a settlement. He said he wanted "peace"—although he added truculently —"not peace at any price."

The terms of "peace" were arranged during several months of public negotiation. The company offered to refund one-third of the ten-million-dollar overcharge which we were seeking to recover. Both sides agreed that gas rates should be reduced and that the company should be permitted to reduce the heating value of the gas and to eliminate the old wasteful "flat-flame burner." These changes were in line with progress in the industry. Unfortunately the aldermen were dazzled by a $3,000,000 offer for a claim regarded as of very doubtful value a year before, and their committee refused to settle the lawsuit. Still more unfortunately the company, after accepting a city ordinance (in the summer of 1917) reducing both rates and quality of gas, demanded a few months later that the public utilities commission should permit it to break its contract and to charge still higher rates for the poorer gas.

The company had accepted in writing an ordinance and had made a contract for a period of years, providing for a permanent adjustment of the questions that had been fought for over fifty years—a most "progressive" ordinance, which regulated by agreement both rates for the consumers and profits for the investors. But Mr. Insull's lawyers shamelessly asserted that their contract was worthless and that they had so regarded it when they signed it! By this time America was in the World War. The English-born Insull was not only the accredited representative of much British money in America and the most powerful public utility operator in Chicago, but he was also chairman of the State Council of Defense.

Thus in the evening, as a speaker for the State Council, it was my patriotic task to discuss the sanctity of a "scrap of paper"—that sacred contract which was being upheld by the blood of the allied soldiery. And in the daytime it was equally my patriotic task to denounce the head of the State Council as a "gold-plated anarchist" who regarded his contract with the city for public service as only a "scrap of paper," which he refused to honor. Across the ocean, millions of men were fighting "for democracy"—they told us. But it appeared that democracy had need for a few soldiers in the home guard as well.

My law partner refused to accept an annual retainer offered by Mr. Insull. But the "former" (and future) partner of the head of the city law department drew $14,000 a year from the gas company. Then when the fight was hottest, this corporation counsel of Chicago (named Samuel Ettelson) attempted to "discharge" me; and the mayor, "Big Bill" Thompson (to whose election Samuel Insull had contributed $100,000), backed up the two Sams. But the smell of tainted money rose stronger than the pervading stockyards odor. Even the roar of battles overseas could not drown public clamor, and the City Council voted three times over the mayor's veto to retain my services. An honest judge upheld the council — and was subsequently denied reelection by Insull politicians!

During this pleasant period, I had to file an affidavit in court concerning the early gaseous activities of Roger Sullivan at the State Capitol—and the big boss (who was Insull's chief political adviser) came roaring into my office one morning, threatening me with various forms of annihilation because I had "falsely accused" him. Being met with a grin and a question as to what was false in my charges, he sat down and told me the whole story of the twenty-year-old scandal, confirming not only my charges, but many rumors that I had not included. Finally, having relieved

"He wanted to believe that the people would respond to a 'clarion call'"

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his soul, he departed, saying: "Now that's the true story. But if you ever tell what I told you I'll say you're a damn liar!"

Sullivan was not the only man who resorted to empty threats when impeded or annoyed. In February, 1918, Samuel Insull walked into the office of one of my closest friends and predicted my calamitous future if I did not stop attacking him. Spies were following me everywhere. Anonymous telephone calls sometimes brought threats and sometimes offered valuable information if I would meet the speaker (male or female) at some dubious rendezvous—which I never kept. Long afterward a city policeman told me of his assignment to follow me (and the private detectives who were on the same trail). He said that in police circles it was confidently expected that I would be "rubbed out."

Finally my patience snapped. This kind of warfare was getting on my nerves. I made an appointment with a former school-mate, who was one of Insull's lawyers, and told him that I would stand no more. I had statements signed by detectives who had followed me. I had corroborating evidence of attempted blackmail and bribery from various sources. I was prepared to attack the men who were fighting me, with charges that must be heard. "In the end," I said, "they will probably ruin me. That I recognize. But if I go down, there are plenty of big names that will go down with me. I want you to go back and tell Mr. Insull that I am not interested in disclaimers of personal responsibility; that I will not stand any more and that if this campaign of terrorism does not stop, I will expose the whole dirty business."

Two hours later, as I sat in a committee meeting in the City Hall denouncing the corporation counsel as a betrayer of the city, another Insull lawyer slipped up to me and whispered: "The chief told me to tell you that there would be no personal attack unless you started it."

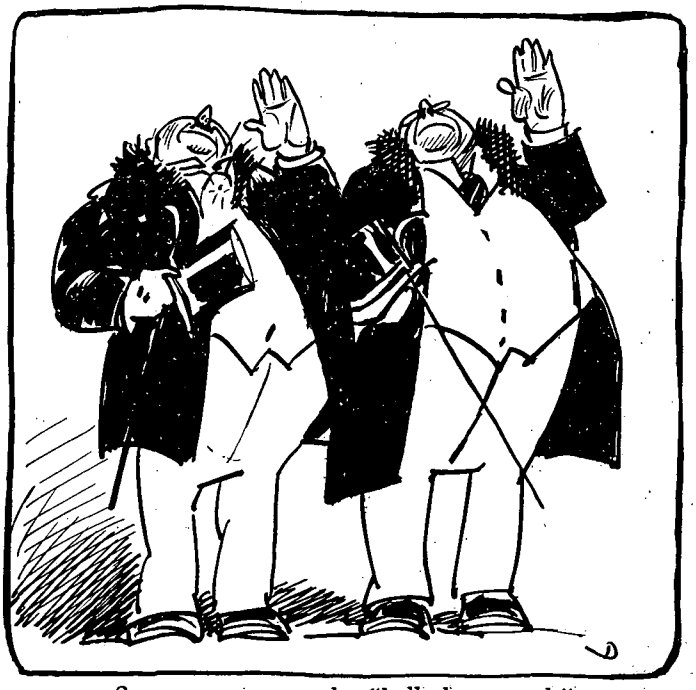
From that time on the opposition flattened out. Newspaper men, who had been tipped off to the terrible things that were about to happen to me, waited in vain for the promised stories. Within a month the City Council had passed an ordinance, by a two-thirds vote over the mayor's veto, creating the office of "special counsel in gas matters," as an official position superior in its special duties to the corporation counsel, and had named me in the ordinance itself as this special counsel. This position I held until I resigned in 1927; and after 1918 my authority was never questioned.

These incidents in the long gas fight, which I have sketched briefly, will not demonstrate, but they may indicate, where we are going in the conflict between public and private government. Hundreds of private wars such as mine have been started in this country, but the few victories won for the people are brief triumphs. The individual public servant cannot fight the machine for long. He is forced out, or scared out, or bought out, or starved out, or tired out, or—in a host of cases—he is absorbed into the machine. Either he is given a better public job, with the understanding that he will be "good," or he is given a private job where he must be good. During my long struggle with the gas company, I saw added to the company payroll a public utility commissioner, a corporation counsel, a United States senator, a justice of the State Supreme Court, a tax assessor and a host of other former public officials. I saw "safe" aldermen elevated to the bench and "unsafe" aldermen driven out of politics. I saw "Big Bill" Thompson twice elected as the Insull candidate; once repudiated by the people; and then returned to office carrying the Insull colors. And in the interim we had Mayor Dever, personally honorable and clean, but behind whom marched the machine of George Brennan, the successor of Sullivan in Insull's bipartisan political system.

Millions of dollars were saved to gas consumers in our twelve-year fight in Chicago—but millions more would have been saved if more of our city and state officials had been honest, instead of hopelessly corrupt. It was only a freak of fate that permitted me to keep on fighting. As a police official said to me: "It was your friends, like Roosevelt, that had them buffaloed." It was too dangerous to rub me out of the picture by coarse methods and those of refined strategy failed. According to this same police officer, for example, there was high excitement in December, 1915, when I left my office suddenly, and literally ran through the streets to catch the Century for New York. Just behind me hurried detective number one. Further back, detective number two scuttled along the sidewalks. In the extreme rear was the friendly city policeman.

Too late my undesired guardians learned that I was going to New York. As they were unable to get authority to travel along, arrangements were made to have me met at the train and thus "escorted" around the metropolis. But at my hotel the trail was again lost; so I went to Oyster Bay unattended, spent some time there with Roosevelt and an editor, going over a series of articles which the colonel had written. Then we drove back to New York after dark in the editor's car. I found a long list of fictitious telephone calls in my hotel letter-box, showing the persistent efforts made by detectives to re-establish "contact."

This list I have preserved carefully as one of those exhibits which I would like to offer in evidence if the long waiting case of The Republic v. The Underworld of Big Business is called for trial some day. It was really a pity that the comic bloodhounds had lost the trial. How they would have enjoyed reporting the visit



So arrogant were the "belly-best minds"

(*Continued on page 424*)

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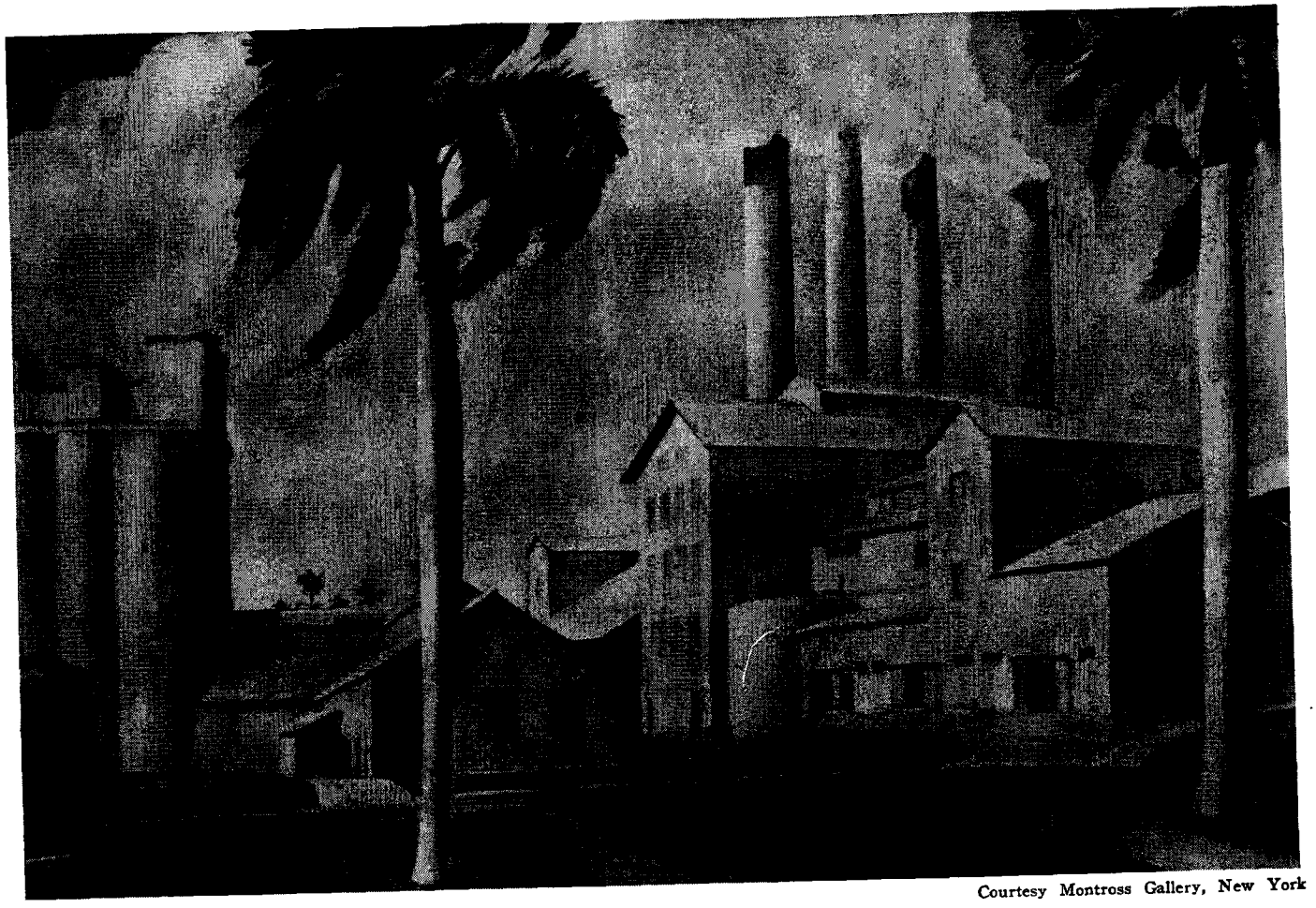
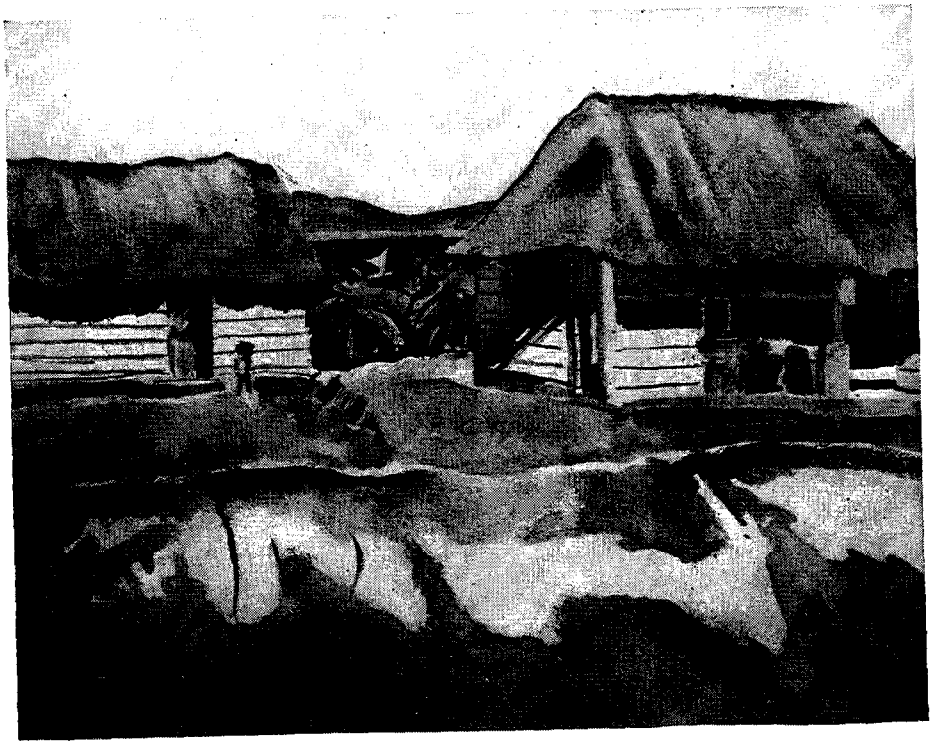


Courtesy Montross Gallery, New York

Cement Forever

Familiar and New Cuba

RECENT PAINTINGS BY ROBERT HALLOWELL



THE eyes of Robert Hallowell are the city man's eyes which have had their surfeit of asphalt and smoky skies. Now they seek color in France, in Spain, most recently in Cuba. There they swept the horizon to dwell on bay, bamboo and palm, on luxuriant growth and undimmed sun. When industry pursues the runaway, the tropical light makes it a thing of glittering beauty. Even without the rich colors of the originals, one can enjoy the lazy look of village stores and the quiet huts of the natives.

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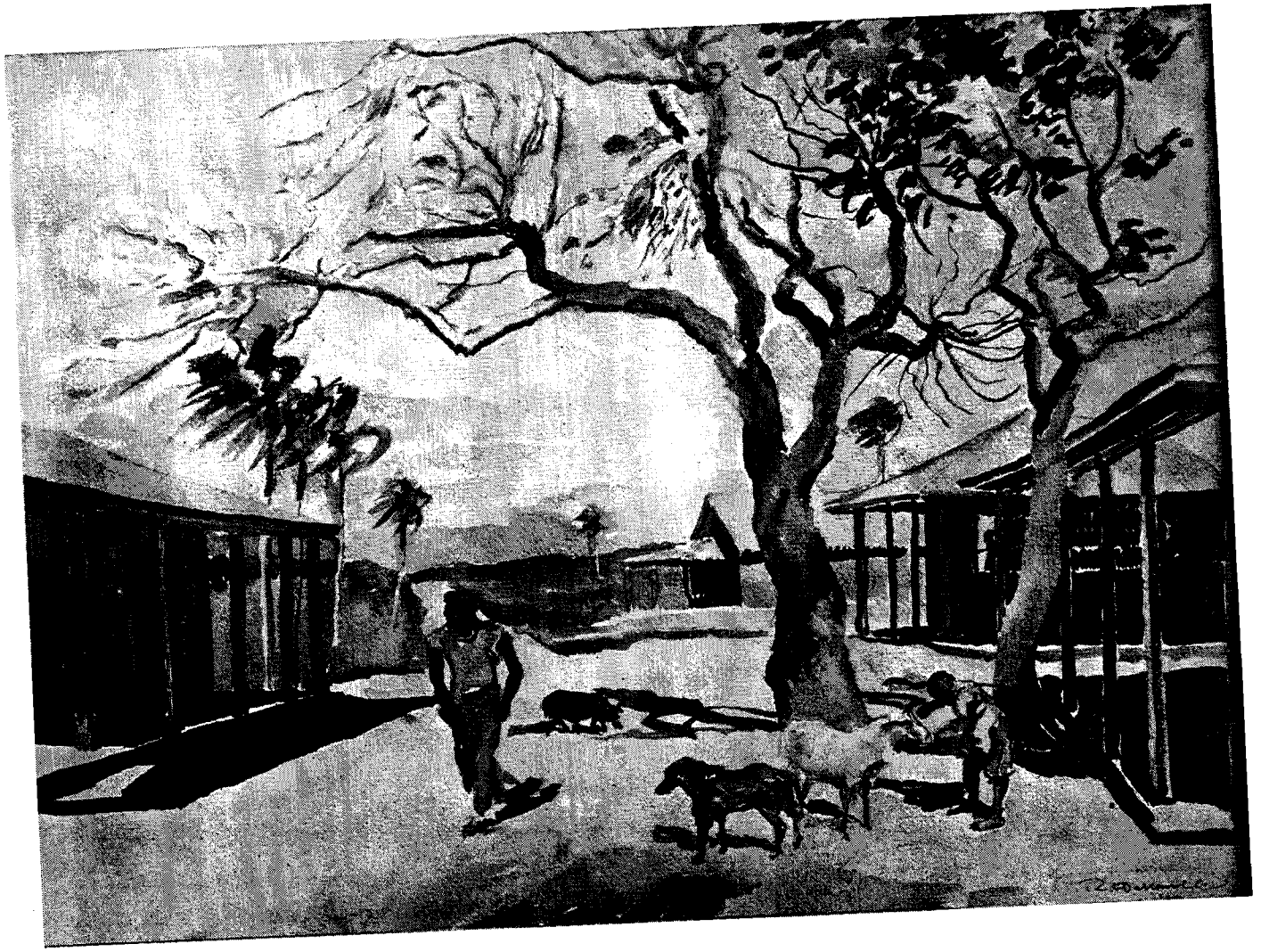

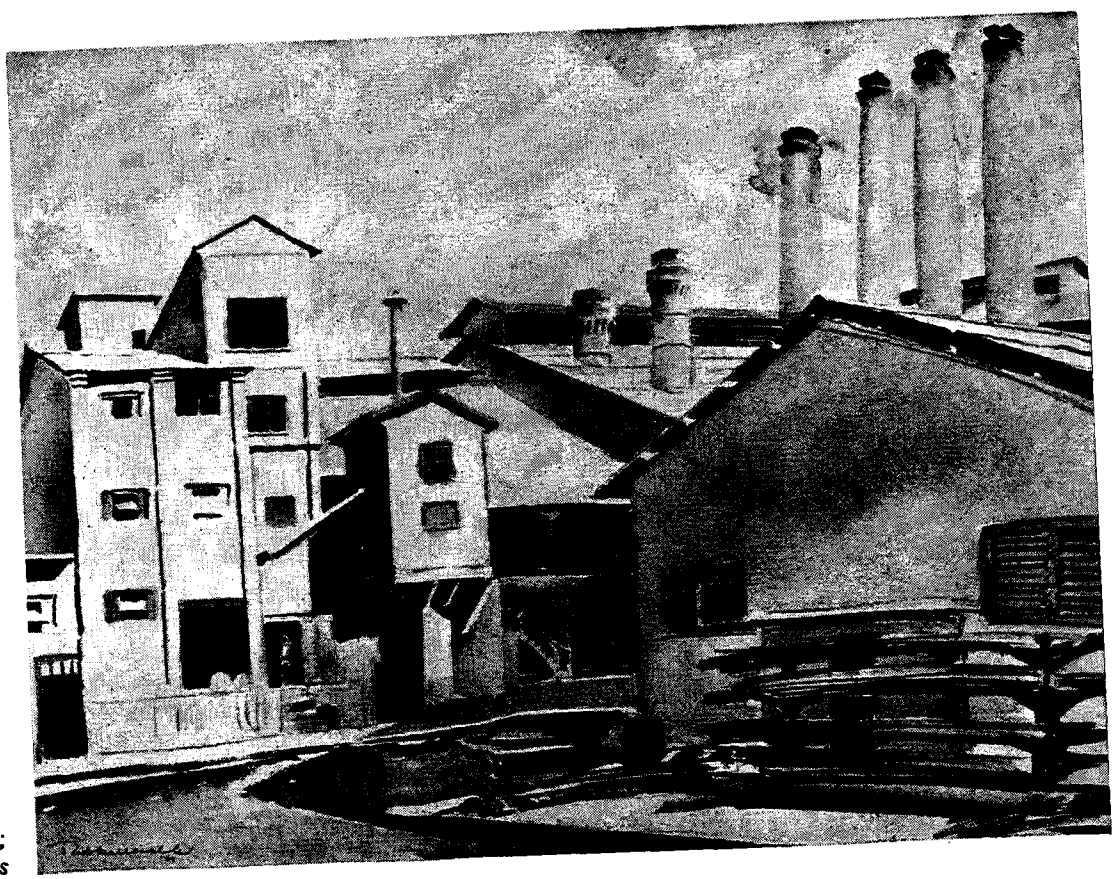

Above: Village stores; right: The Cement Works

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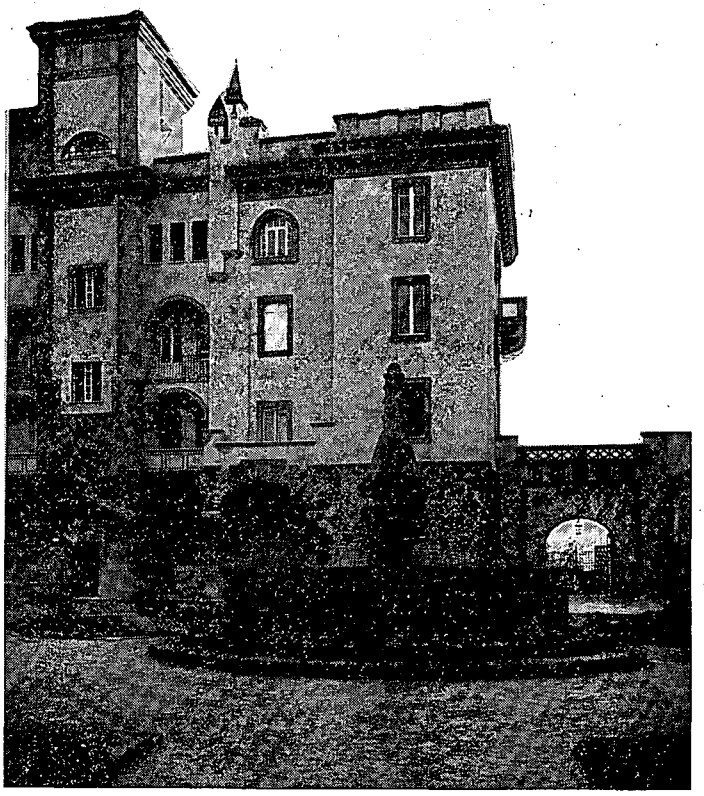
"People's Houses" in Rome

By HELEN ORMSBEE



Part of an interior court in a group of People's Houses near the Appian Way. The fountain was copied from one at Viterbo

THE tenement and the slum are not new to the Eternal City. They were old sores in Julius Caesar's day. Even then Rome was over-crowded—its rich men living in smart town mansions on the Palatine hill, its poor packed into teeming flat-houses five stories high, with shops on the street level and scarcely room enough between floors for a tall man to stand upright. Cicero was, by the way, a grasping landlord, and such tenements as these doubtless helped to meet the running expenses of his Palatine establishment.

Thus the housing problem of modern Rome, like that of other Italian cities, has roots that run far back. History itself has bred conditions which the government today is making sweeping efforts to wipe out, not only in all its large towns but especially in its national capital. That is why 80,000 of Rome's 800,000 population are now living in the People's Houses—state-aided model tenements, more than half of them built since 1922. But that is not all. This program is to be carried still further. Both to comply with revised ideas of town-planning and to do away with unsanitary conditions, 20,000 or 25,000 persons, in addition to those already provided with better homes, eventually will be removed from shanties and hand-me-down palaces. When this readjustment is completed, considerably more than one-tenth of the inhabitants of Rome will be lodged in state-subsidized dwellings.

Already, these *Case Popolari* are to be found in some twenty different neighborhoods. They are generally large apartment buildings, though in the suburbs they sometimes take the form of two-, four-, six-, or even eight-family houses.

Photographs by courtesy of the Instituto per le Case Popolari

An aeroplane view of model apartments in the Trionfale neighborhood. Note the courtways, and the abundance of light and air

The landlord in this big undertaking is neither the city nor the nation, but a private organization known as the Institute for the People's Houses in Rome, which co-operates with local and national officials. This is made possible by the close communion between those two branches of government in Rome. The institute has been in existence about a quarter of a century, having begun very modestly in 1904 to build better working-class dwellings.

There are similar institutes in many cities of Italy—Milan, Florence, Venice, Naples, amongst others—separately conducted, though with the same general purpose. They were going concerns before the dawn of Fascism. But Fascism has remolded them nearer to its heart's desire and entrusted them with carrying out its plans for better living conditions throughout the country. Both because Rome is the seat of government and because its need for housing relief was acute, accomplishments here in the last few years have been spectacular.

"The people should have good homes," said Mussolini, in the course of a talk with me about the scheme of *parastatale* welfare undertakings which his government is backing, and of which the People's Houses are a part. He defined the word *parastatale,* leaning forward in his chair at his desk in the Chigi Palace, "Not *of* the State, but control-led *by* the State. Privately managed, but under the control of the government. Do you understand me?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Prime Minister. You speak very good English." (He does, though with an Italianized flavor.)

(*Continued on page* 422)

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One Shall Chase a Thousand

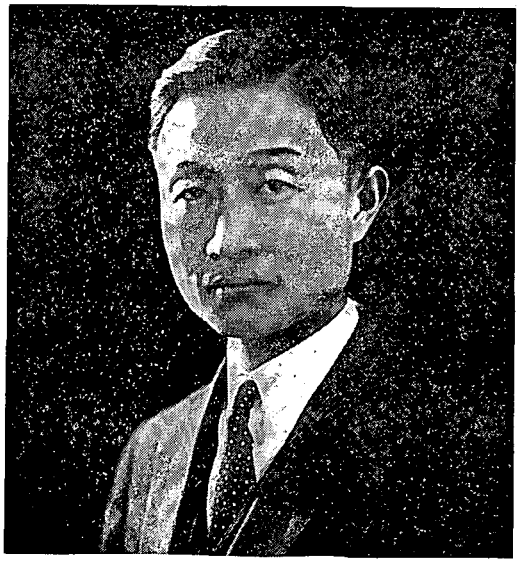
By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE most thrilling experience that I have had during the past winter—can't remember any ever of quite the same sort—was meeting Jimmie Yen. Getting the vision of one man setting out almost casually and without self-consciousness to teach half a billion people to read. It sticks in my mind as about the most ambitious project ever undertaken by any individual in his right mind. Something almost cosmic about it; suggestive of the Almighty's method, of starting one cell, electrifying it with a magic touch, leaving it to divide and multiply and replenish the universe. As method, biologically a sure thing; but from the so-called "practical" point of view, just plain crazy. Yet it works, as one might have known it would.

Within the space of ten years, since the Chinese Mass Education Movement (literally, Equal People's Education) began in 1921 after the close of the war, something like five million illiterate Chinese have learned to read. Underneath the uproar of civil war, of perennial brigandage, of starvation and drug-addiction and all the other things that confuse the picture of modern China, this has been going on with amazing success. What it will bear as fruit in coming years, generations, centuries, none can guess; but certainly it is ominous for those whose profit lies in keeping China "down."

JIMMIE YEN is pure Chinese, born and raised in a mountain village over by the edge of Thibet, weeks of arduous travel by boat, horseback and foot from the farthest end of any railroad. His background was that of the conventional Chinese "scholarship," whose ancient essential attitude is scorn toward the mass of the people. But he came to America and was graduated, A.B., at Yale in 1918 and subsequently (1920) got his A.M. at Princeton.

Called into war-service in France to help cheer up the great body of Chinese laborers employed in railroad-building and so on, he devised a newspaper—hand-written, largely by himself, and reproduced by photographic process—with which to give these Chinese news from home. At first, because exceedingly few of them could read it, he had to find those who could read aloud for the benefit of the crowds for whom it was designed. The result was electric. The coolies quickly perceived that this writing-business was useful; that these printed sheets contained something of vast interest to them; they learned also that here was something they actually could —and did— acquire for themselves.



DR. Y. C. JAMES YEN
David of the brookside pebble

The yeast of it spread with astounding rapidity, and every man who got home after the war took it with him and became a unit of infection. For the first time in the life of China there broke before the eyes of the humblest laborer the vision of education for others than the class of "scholars."

China has had many revolutions, overturning dynasties, changing the names of the military brigands who perennially rob the people. None of them has greatly stirred the masses, because the condition was more or less endemic and it was a small matter to the individual peasant or laborer what might be the name or uniform of the tribute-gatherer. He still could live after his fashion, and high affairs over his head made relatively little difference in the current of the typical life.

This revolution was different. It brought to the villages new ambition, because it was related to daily matters of the common life. It taught average men and women that printed matter was something other than mysterious stuff of interest only to the superior. Personally useful, and personally obtainable. The thing could not be suppressed by force, for it used no force. Besides, every Chinese of any class, has a peculiar reverence for learning of any description. Mysteriously undermining the foundations of the ancient social system, sending mighty currents of awakening intelligence throughout all the vast territory of China, it was beyond the reach of the ruling classes; they couldn't do anything about it.

In the West, something similar to this happened when the English Bible began to get into the hands of the common people and they had to learn to read in order to understand it. That spreading process of enlightenment overthrew vested tyrannies and began the democratic uprising which has its fruits in the parliaments of today. But that business was comparatively slow and has had many setbacks. This movement in China is spreading with lightning-like rapidity, into and beyond the far-back villages, touching even the aged, electrifying the adult; but promising something new before our eyes in what it is doing and still more shall do immediately for the emerging generation. It is the life-juice of a new China.

THE technique, however difficult and intricate in detail, is simple and obvious essentially. Already the Chinese alphabet has been reduced from its former baffling magnitude of 40,000 characters to some 1,300; a "foundation vocabulary" of words within ordinary grasp has been

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collated and applied to a relatively few types of literature. A series of People's Thousand-Character Readers, costing but a few cents for the set, has been issued in enormous numbers, and a simple dictionary is available at small cost.

"Too busy to read," said the farmer. "And why should a peasant read anyway?"

"You can devote an hour a day, can't you? And see what you can learn, and how it will help you to better your life, to improve your production from your farm; to know what is going on in the world that encroaches upon you."

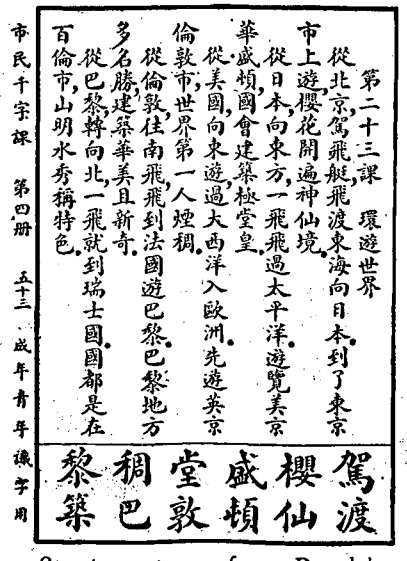
This is the way it went. They found that in a total of 96 hours—four months—they could actually master what was practically necessary.

But who was to teach them? The answer to that is one measure of China's awakening. For the first time in all China's known history the educated are teaching those whom such formerly despised, and doing it without remuneration or condescension. And again the cosmic process—cell-multiplication; spreading the infection from single centers. Already more than 120,000 individual teachers are doing this spreading. Already upward of 5,000,000 students have been reached. And each student is obligated to become a teacher. To share what he has received—without losing any of it.

"One day I received a very touching letter from one of the men," says Mr. Yen of what happened in those days of first activity in France, "and literally translated it ran something like this:

Mr. Yen, Big Teacher: Ever since the publication of your newspaper I began to know everything under heaven. But your paper is so cheap it costs only one centime per copy and you may have to close down your work pretty soon. So herewith find enclosed 150 francs which I have saved during my last three years' labor in France.

"That was the greatest revelation of my life as a student. Coming from a family of generations of Confucian scholars, I never associated before the war with these laborers. I looked down upon them. But there in the labor camp at Boulogne I learned something of fundamental importance, which I could learn neither in a Chinese classical academy nor in a great American university—the terrific need of my unlettered fellow-countrymen, and their tremendous capacity and fundamental possibilities. Right there and then I determined once for all that upon my return to China I would devote my life to the education of those millions and millions of uneducated, unskilled men and women, boys and girls, in China."



Specimen pages from People's 1,000-character Readers

A STAGGERING task to face—to bring education to a nation of nearly 500,000,000 people, 70 per cent of them absolutely illiterate; 90 per cent unable to read the literature upon which Chinese life, philosophy, religion, are based. Now, even this literature is being opened up for the common people.

In the county of Ting Hsien, a region of flat or rolling country some seven hours by rail southerly from Peking, a special demonstration is going on intensively. It is a territory about corresponding to one of our larger counties, of some 400,000 population, containing a city of 20,000 and some 400 villages. Here the graduates of the earlier schools are teaching groups of old and young; demonstration farms are exemplifying more effective methods and the use of selected seed and crops; ancient apparatus, such as pumps, plows, harrows, is being improved. The school is the central unit, with the whole family enlisted; from it graduate alumni, immediately set to work at teaching those who follow.

Within this territory there will begin soon a survey of medical and sanitary possibilities. Mr. Yen has just gone home after a season of appeal here in the United States, pretty well assured of financial backing for this particular endeavor. There is of course no end to what can be done.

IT is a very long story. You can get it in detail in Yen's own words, in the issue of Asia for February, 1929, or in the April Bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Or you can ask about it of the Chinese National Association of the Mass Education Movement, whose New York office is at 129 East 52 Street.

The main thing to be remembered is that this is not a missionary movement superimposed or injected from outside. It is what anything must be to be effective in that or any other country in the long run—an awakening from within. It is the story, brief or long as you may be satisfied to have it, of a David, saving his own people with the right pebble from his own brookside. Help from outside—yes; as much help as you choose to give; but in the end and even without any outside help, it is the Chinese doing for themselves—lifting themselves with their own power by their own bootstraps.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

The New Humanism

A PREFACE TO MORALS, *by Walter Lippman. Macmillan. 348 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE intellectuals of the mid-generation have gone humanist. They seek (as men have always done) the good way of life; but they cannot find this way revealed in the authority and traditions of religion, or in a nature that seems singularly indifferent to our wishes. What is left is man on this earth now. What can he do to make himself comfortable and happy by a disinterested and mature facing of reality? To discover these rules in our actual situation is the province of the new humanism, so wisely and bravely defined in Walter Lippman's noble book.

Now the first part which pictures our loss of faith and sense of comfort in a superhuman power that administers reality, you may accept or reject according to your temper. It presents certain secondary phenomena with a manly, serene and gentle honesty, but it is not final. The need for religion and its value to those who preserve their faith are granted; there is no obstreperous rebellion, but a kind of wistful resignation to an inevitable skepticism. What Lippman has lost is not faith so much as the sense of guidance. He has religion enough, though he overlooks the new gift of intellectual mysticism science is offering. Humanism, the search for a rule, has faith enough to put aside the idea of suicide, either personal or through the will-lessness of some Oriental nirvana. Moreover, the tools it offers us are courage, disinterestedness (unselfishness), conscience, and the need for relations with our fellowmen. These are human things, but surely from them it is not very difficult to construct an image of God.

The use of these tools is humanism. "Our center of interest is an attempt to discover ways of equipping man to conquer evil." We do not try to account for evil, that we may accept it; or deny it, that we need not account for it; but we seek to explain it, that we may deal with it. "We substitute for a general sense of evil an analytical estimate of particular evils. They are seen to be of long duration or of short, preventable, curable, or inevitable." To deal with them humanism teaches that we become mature and disinterested, that we make use of the idea of a progressive development of the human race, that we use psychology for the mastery of human nature, and that we seek a balance between naive passions and a sterile ascetism. So we may learn to conform to nature and perchance to reintegrate nature. We must outgrow our adolescent rebellion, discount our visionary Utopias, even give up our romantic pessimism. Chastened and humble, but resolute and hopeful, we have a glorious chance to get certain necessary things done.

NOW this new humanism looks remarkably like the old Stoicism, and even like 19th century positivism. Indeed, the title itself is startling. Have we only reached the preface to morals after these several thousand years? That sounds young. But in fact the genesis of our present humanism is not in youth. Rather it is token that another generation is getting middle-aged and so ready to bargain with the cosmos. We intellectuals (if the label is not a vanity) have been disappointed in our private lives and our public designs so we are girding ourselves to endure, and to master what can be mastered. We are going along an old path; the race has been here before; but we can contribute our fragment of wisdom before we pass on forever. On the nature of these possible gifts, Lippman is both wise and honest. And it is for these practical rules that humanism is important whatever its base in philosophy. What has it to say about science, machines, and social forms?

As authority waned, religion lost these principal provinces: business, government, art, and the family. Today it is futile to try to regulate the world of affairs by religious sanctions. We must argue about health, efficiency, and self-interest to impose social controls. The state is no longer divine, but deplorably human. Art can no longer find joyous pleasure in making beautiful the vision revealed by religion. It has, therefore, no true subject-matter, and concerns itself with mere reflections of the form and rhythm of nature. The modern separation of love into personal and social elements, and the emancipation of women, have broken the line of authority from the church through the family so that "the ideal of love is fixed not by the church in the name of God, but by prudence, convention, taste, circumstances and personal sensibility."

BUT humanism finds in modern business two reasons for hope. First, because we have discovered a technique of inventing. We can say roughly that what man needs of physical machinery he can construct. Second, modern industry recognizes the value of pure science as the base of all its progress; and pure science is the pattern of the mature and disinterested mood. It faces nature, not to make fairy-tales that satisfy us, but to find the truth—and this is the very discipline that humanism needs. The satisfaction of our wants is not so important as the mood we win, that of what Lippman calls "high religion." Moreover, modern business is so complex that it has to generate its own inner control; it is too massive for either the dictator or our democratic law-makers. "It is my impression that when machine industry reaches a certain scale of complexity it exerts such pressure upon the men who run it that they cannot help socializing it . . . it puts a premium on men whose characters are sufficiently matured to make them respect reality and discount their own prejudices." This surely is good news.

In politics, the complexity of modern life generates habits of initiative, tolerance, self-government, and inter-dependence that do not work through dog-like loyalty to the state. Power resides not in the government, but the people, who in a real sense govern themselves. Once more the premium is upon mature, disinterested ways of acting, and upon leaders who can carry out the people's real wishes, not their momentary whims or passions. Such statesmen might, I suggest, prevent war.

The chapter on love and marriage is rich with wisdom and steely with the conviction that there is the root of a good life.

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Birth control enables us to separate procreation from sexual pleasure, but to do so ends in the sterile hedonism of those who make love so free it loses all value. If personal love is to develop our souls it must do so for most of us in making a home and raising a family, for we cannot all be artists or scientists. Then why separate the two parts of love? The home provides the place where by discipline and sympathy we are "compelled by personal suffering rather than by laws or preachments to transcend naive desire and to reach out to a mature and disinterested partnership with the world." This defense of marriage is too fine to be given second-hand. It is the climax of a book that is rich, strong, and courageous in all its parts.

It reveals spiritual energy—and that we direly need. It presents, without fear, proposals for meeting present spiritual crises. Its deeper influence will be on the young who seem pretty weary of a pleasure philosophy, or intellectual nihilism. For it summons us to a crusade in the realm of truth where honesty, intelligence, and self-control are going to make life a joyous adventure again.

LEON WHIPPLE

Tudor Tapestry

HENRY THE EIGHTH, *by Francis Hackett. Horace Liveright.* 452 *pp. Price* $3.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ONLY the Irish can make the English gorgeous. The Irish do them justice—and injustice, of course. Henry VIII may have been the compound of vulpine intelligence, casuistry, amours and fat humanity that our Irish pageant-maker, Francis Haskett, distills in this brilliant and inescapably readable book, but I suspect a good deal of the intricate richness of character and scene is a reconstruction by a Keltic imagination that however painstakingly it roots in document and actual deed (as this does after six years of research) in the end demands glamour even in a villain. But the essence of Henry is here, and the tale endlessly fascinating.

This Henry brought the renaissance to England; he trod in ruddy circumstance the Field of the Cloth of Gold (and how golden it becomes under Hackett's magic!); he made the most kingly gesture in all history, creating a church to give him a divorce; and he regarded wives only as local stops. He was also a pursy sensual egoist with a pocked leg, his amorality veiled by superstition, who held power by playing Catholic faith against Protestant conscience and the military caste against both, and whose supreme magnificence was his magnificent disregard for the number of necks he severed.

Mr. Hackett reveals him by following the procession of six wives, and the play of his dynastic ambitions. This history is as personal as a novel—indeed, it is a bold historical novel. I wanted more about the background, churchmen and rebellious people, the guilds and the spread of Protestantism. Acute and revelatory is the author's conception of Henry as the first of the great modern trust-makers. His business was England, and he made it a going concern for his people and the rest of Europe. Church, marriages, taxes, executions, even the bloom of humanism at his court, were parts of this vast enterprise in nationalistic business. He (or Wolsey) developed the balance of power idea; he knew publicity or showmanship; he saw that the prime need for power in state, church, or king was money and he garnered incessant riches. And like modern industrial magnates he demanded a theology to justify his deeds.

These are the sweeping buttresses of Mr. Hackett's book. For the rich variety of events, character-study, the cameo dramas, and constant breathless excitement of intrigue, you must read the book. You'll need to brush up your history, for the author pays us the compliment of thinking most of us know more than we do. He supplies us with a kind of libretto in the appendix, but it is not enough to make clear the vast scale of this grand opera of a dynast. The style is a dazzling delight: the rhetoric is superb and never falters. No verbal art is overlooked to breed suspense and point catastrophe, to spread sumptuous color, to limn character, and inter-weave issues as wide as Europe. Here is epigram and metaphor, Irish wit and irony, or simple pathos about the suffering wives, or disthroned prelates. 'Tis a grand book in the grand manner.

Whether this be Tudor England of 1520 to 1550 I am too ignorant to say. But it surely is a modern restoration, gratefully free of any archaic naturalism. It is no psychograph, but a picture of carnal and concrete humans acting from real passions with a willfulness and vigor only Irish poets can imagine today. Henry and his times remain mysterious to me. Why did he want to marry them when mistresses were part of the royal prerogative? Why did he worry about the church? How could he sleep incarnadined by the blood of friends, wives, priests, and court ladies? He had something like a modern conscience in a pagan body. Thanks to Francis Hackett we have his picture in a book as rich as old tapestry.

LEON WHIPPLE

The Quest of Unity

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA, *by Waldo Frank. Scribner.* 353 *pages. Price* $3.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SELF-CRITICISM, or the capacity for self-criticism, is a mark of health for both individuals and societies. There is promise for American life because Americans have at last begun to scrutinize their ways of living. Foreign visitors have habitually lifted the lid off our civilization and such observers as Bryce, Feiler, Seigfried, Keyserling, and Tagore have made significant revelations. But their views and their insights are partial; they never reach to the center of our cultural problem, for they are unable to become participators; they see our behavior from the outside, externally.

Waldo Frank has given us an inside view of ourselves. Like Herbert Croly, Walter Lippmann, and VanWyck Brooks before him, he has evolved his critical skill by being a participant observer, a creative worker, within the society which he scrutinizes. His interpretations possess the intergrity of indigenous life and thought. And, judged by all the standards of results, he has written a great book, grand in conception, penetrating in insight, and amazing in prophecy. His is a book which no future interpreter of American life can neglect and which all serious contemporary critics will need to consult.

America has arisen from the "grave of Europe." It is still a jungle, a "herd longing to be a true society." But in it are resident portentous forces. Our pathology arises from the fact that these gigantic forces operate in chaos, are guided by unreflective lust for power, and converge toward no discernible form of unity. We possess many of the attributes of a great people but lack greatness because we have failed to develop a "sense of the whole." Our politics, science, machines, arts, and religions tend toward factionalism, disunity. There exists no integrative principle wherewith to build our dynamic but divisive parts into a creative whole. These and many more aspects of our pathology are seen and analyzed by Waldo Frank with such skill and wisdom as to carry extraordinary conviction. His diagnosis elicits, from this reviewer at least, unstinted and enthusiastic praise.

Above I have said that this book is amazing in its prophecy. The adjective was carefully chosen; what Waldo Frank proposes as our way out is amazing because of its high degree of subjectivity, his apparent faith in so abstract a formula, and the strange premonition that he may be right. He gives no explicit guidance for achieving the desired result but in the main our experiments should, according to him, lead toward the forming of true groups, plastic and yet sure in direction; these groups will constitute the method to be used by individuals who learn to live by an image of the whole. The key to individual conduct is this: "I wish to live so that this Whole—its health and beauty—will be expressed through me." If, as he himself foresees, one should ask how to behave under the influence of this image, the answer is: "Wait and see." But, there are hints that his method is to be elaborated in a future work.

There are several negative criticisms to be made. For one cannot avoid the obverse responsibilities of one's enthusiasms. Waldo Frank writes as though kindness were a vice. When he mentions John Dewey, or Professor Babbitt, or Henry Mencken, or most of his contemporaries, his language snaps as if he were about to bite. He does not seem to recognize that even those with whom he disagrees have been of some assistance to him. And, one feels throughout that when most authors are quoted or referred to the purpose is to jibe; consequently, one also feels that he is incapable of making fair-minded interpretations of those whom he seems wilfully to make his enemies. And I, for one, developed a negative attitude toward his habit of tossing off the names of obscure persons

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of far lands and of antiquity as though they and their works were the daily coin of his discourse. I should not have objected to this so strongly if he had not made such grave omissions. A large group of thinkers who have come nearest to developing the underlying theory of his integrative concept, including Morgan, Herrick, Child, Cannon, Smuts, Follett, et cetera, are not even mentioned.

But these criticisms of style and temperament are not to be taken too seriously. What I am probably saying is that I wish Waldo Frank were more like myself when as a matter of fact I should be thanking the fates that he is not. His book has stimulated me more than anything I have read since the publication of Whitehead's Science and the Modern World.

New York School of Social Work E. C. LINDEMAN

Peace Worker's Encyclopedia

BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE, *by Florence Brewer Boeckel. Macmillan. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN the struggle between war and peace the peace forces seldom bunch their hits. Their cause has produced heavy sluggers, such as David Low Dodge, Noah Worcester, William Ladd, Charles Sumner, Elihu Burritt, and Benjamin Trueblood; at all times the peace side has had on hand a whole dugout-full of fair-weather pitchers; and crises have increasingly developed a few pinch-hitters in the form of war-time pacifists. But the sunny-sky twirlers have too consistently fled the field under adverse weather conditions, and the pacifist pinch-hitters have generally made their sacrifices with the bases empty.

There are numerous reasons; but one of them has been the lack of common understanding which has led to poor teamwork, mixed signals, and a failure to keep all hands apprised of the best available equipment. It was presumably to rectify that situation that this author undertook a tremendous job and produced a sort of Spaulding's manual.

Anybody who has tried to pull together the slenderest array of facts on the peace movement can appreciate the long days Mrs. Boeckel has put in on this job. But verily she has her reward, for it belongs in the category of books which are really indispensable in spite of being called that by reviewers.

She has aimed at practicality and given us an eminently usable tool. The problems of peace are comprehensively handled, and the distinctive approach of every significant organization "working for peace" is sympathetically presented. There is an especially competent discussion of education in its relation to peace; Mrs. Boeckel moves here with a firm touch based on her experience as education director of the National Council for Prevention of War, and probes far below the process of indoctrination which appealed to early anti-war writers. The book discusses such special groups as churches, women, farmers, business, labor, young people; it outlines with clarity the development and purposes of arbitration, the League of Nations, the World Court; and it does not overlook the questions of immigration, war debts, and imperialism. Appended is an extensive and—praise be—intelligently classified bibliography.

From the nature of her task, Mrs. Boeckel has been obliged to steer clear of critical writing. One could get no completely accurate picture of the peace movement even from so good a book unless it were accompanied by one of those little "keys" that used to be surreptitiously purchasable along with textbooks on mathematics. The historic efforts of the United States for arbitration and peace as presented by Mrs. Boeckel appear far more significant than in the estimate of many experienced critics, such for example as John Bassett Moore and J. W. Garner. It is doubtful if the author gives due weight to economic forces and their influence on governments. The chapter on women and peace rests far too much on the unproved and probably unprovable assumption that women by some mysterious instinct are more hostile to war than men—a romantic sex distinction without historic justification and held by few women today. The conspicuous activities of Socialists for peace receive no accolade. The militarization of Boy Scouts in many localities is not hinted at. The non-cooperative aspect of war resistance is played down in a way not likely to satisfy many war-resisters, especially in view of this method's absence from the section on What You Can Do for Peace. The discussion of population pressure makes no mention of birth control, the most obvious remedy. Have "dangerous" subjects been avoided?

A casual reader picking up this volume twenty years hence would receive from it, unless he supplemented his reading by exploration in more critical literature, an exaggerated impression of the peace movement's size, determination, intelligence and potency. That is something, however, which the author, given this particular task, could hardly escape. Used with a background of critical knowledge, the book fills a great gap in peace literature and will make a telling contribution to the stimulus of varied efforts looking toward the abolition of war.

Editor, The World Tomorrow DEVERE ALLEN

PLAYLAND—HOW IT PAYS!

(*Continued from page* 398)

instruction. A garden shop, with an exhibit of novelties, books, furniture, bird-baths and bird-houses, and a large exhibition lawn for flower and plant shows, form a center for the many garden clubs of the county.

Although the music for such a place as Playland is a difficult problem, the commission seems to have solved it. There are no hurdy-gurdies or tinny mechanical organs, no bands or orchestras running up bills. In the Tower of Light, rising one hundred and twenty feet at the head of the Mall, is housed the operating room of the "Miracle Music" system. From this point one musician supplies all of Playland with good music, so synchronized that there is no disharmony. Placed at proper distributing points are seven huge wooden horns, whose exit mouths are eight feet square, and from which come the tones of Sousa or Wagner or Berlin. It is interesting to note that the crowds prefer the better class of opera or concert music to the jazz of the latest stage hits. The reproduction and amplification is so perfect that none of the resonance is lost and even the over-tones are present. Incidentally the system is invaluable for announcements and emergency paging of lost children or needed doctors.

Believing that the quality of food served and accompanying service is another contributing factor of no little importance in determining the atmosphere of a resort, the commission has provided splendid cafes, cafeterias and restaurants. A Japanese Tea House with surrounding Japanese gardens, is popular for luncheons and bridge afternoons. A roof garden restaurant overlooks the Sound and bathing beach. The Cafe des Colonnades is a duplication of a Parisian boulevard cafe where the patrons sit about umbrellaed tables bordering the stream of pedestrian traffic. A clam-bake pavilion, seating a thousand, where sea food is cooked in the open by being smothered between hot rocks and seaweed, makes a specialty of the old-fashioned clam-bake and shore dinners. All the food concessions are kept under the supervision of the commission, whose aim is to give better service at lower prices than can be obtained anywhere else in the environs of New York. Dining at Playland has become so popular that the commission will erect this fall a half-million dollar casino, almost over the water, where shore dinners will be served the year around.

The Westchester County Park Commission was so well satisfied with the first season of their civic experiment that they felt justified in appropriating and expending another million and a quarter dollars this past winter for the enlargement and improvement of Playland. To date the County of Westchester has invested in the neighborhood of $7,000,000 in Playland, but Playland pays. It pays financially, though its greatest asset is the wholesome influence it exerts on the citizens and their evident appreciation of what it offers. As far as finances are concerned there is every reason to believe that this year the net income from Playland and the other recreational centers operated by the commission will more than pay their entire annual upkeep and that of all the parkways, and the overhead charges of the commission.

And so in Playland the Westchester County Park Commission has accomplished what it set out to do. It has established for the citizens of Westchester a lucrative business, but best of all it has given them a recreation center of which they can well feel proud. And still further, it has proved to the world that by exercising good judgment, sound business methods and proper employment, public park boards can build and operate parks which are far more useful than merely ornamental areas.

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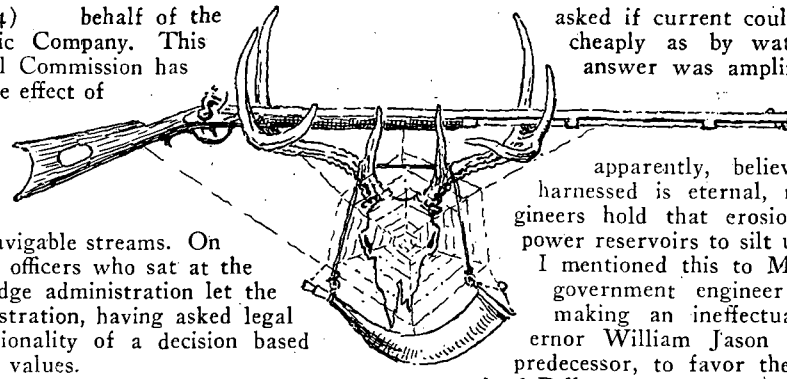
(*Continued from page 394*) behalf of the Cumberland Hydro-electric Company. This brief held that the Federal Commission has no authority to consider the effect of power plants on scenery, and can exercise its authority only as to dams which may affect navigation, on navigable or non-navigable parts of partly navigable streams. On this point, the two cabinet officers who sat at the last meeting for the Coolidge administration let the case go to the new administration, having asked legal advice as to the constitutionality of a decision based on consideration of scenic values.



If the Federal Power Commission cannot consider scenic values, every state which, like Kentucky, is without any sort of regulatory body to consider power permit applications, and every state in which a power lobby can preside over the creation of a utilities commission, will be helpless in the power net. For this reason, if for no other, the Cumberland Falls case in the circumstances in which it went to the Hoover administration has national importance.

A POWER plant in the vicinity of Cumberland Falls, with the scenery-destroying construction projects that would attend its creation, would spoil the area for state park purposes. Possession of the land surrounding the cataract would make it mere private property on which anyone violating corporation regulations would be a trespasser. The waterfall itself would be forever ruined.

A dam 3,500 feet above the falls would divert the water through a tunnel—according to latest plans—passing through the neck of a horseshoe bend of the river to a point below the falls. It is proposed that a stipulated quantity of water be permitted to flow over the ledges to "maintain" the falls. It has even been proposed by power advocates that the ledges be concreted and made entirely smooth, so that the beauty of the falls would be improved by having "a curtain of water flow evenly over a smooth surface." The corporation has proposed lighting the falls at night.

The amount of water to be spared for the falls as stipulated in the "Sampson-Insull" contract is 10,000 gallons a minute. The average August flow, according to records of the Kentucky Geological Survey covering a period from 1907 to 1920, is 633,600 gallons a minute. The average July flow is 885,600 gallons and the May and June flow is usually at least 1,000,000 gallons, and occasionally it is much greater than that even in August. June, July, August and September are the months during which Cumberland Falls has been a resort. If it were a state park, thirteen miles of improved road from Cumberland Falls station, on the Cincinnati-Lookout Mountain interstate highway, and about fifteen miles of improved road from the eastern Dixie Highway at Corbin, would make it an all the year round resort.

Many observers have been puzzled by the persistency of the effort of the power interest to procure Cumberland Falls. Only 40,000 horsepower can be generated, because a dam higher than sixty feet would flood too much valuable land some miles up stream. As John Barton Payne said at the Hot Springs meeting of the National Conference on State Parks in 1926, "water has a tendency to flow down hill, and Cumberland River can be utilized for power just as effectively below the falls as at the falls."

One reason for the drive is that it would be somewhat cheaper to develop 40,000 horsepower at the falls ledge. Another reason is that it would be easier to sell stock in Cumberland River developments with the falls included. Power for the mines of the Rand, according to a recent book upon Africa, is supplied by the Victoria Falls Power Company. Stock sells readily in London to persons who believe Victoria Falls provide the power. The British government has not allowed Victoria Falls to be tapped for power. The company which uses the name makes its current from coal.

Kentucky is rich in undeveloped coal lands. At hearings before the Round Table of Louisville, which represents seventeen business men's clubs and which returned a report in opposition to the Cumberland Falls power plant, a power engineer was asked if current could not be made from coal as cheaply as by water power. His affirmative answer was amplified by the explanation that water-power stocks sell more readily than steam-plant stocks. The public, apparently, believes that water-power once harnessed is eternal, not knowing that many engineers hold that erosion of watersheds will cause power reservoirs to silt up within fifty or sixty years. I mentioned this to Major Harold Fiske, a U. S. government engineer who at the moment was making an ineffectual effort to persuade Governor William Jason Fields, Governor Sampson's predecessor, to favor the power project at Cumberland Falls.

"Oh, you are interested in posterity, are you," sneered the major.

The argument that a power project would not destroy Cumberland Falls is relied on wherever irrigation dams or power dams are proposed. The same argument is made in behalf of projected irrigation dams in Yellowstone River in the Teton Mountains, as to the Great Falls of the Potomac, and in the Rainy Lake region where the Quetico Superior Council is trying to save from exploitation and ruin the borderland water between Minnesota and Ontario.

In response to my question as to what would occur if the power company, having procured posession of the falls, should need all of the water in summer and should cease providing the stipulated flow, Major Fiske said injunction proceedings could be undertaken. In this connection I recall a visit of the president of the Riparian Owners Association of Tippecanoe River, Indiana, who made a two days' trip to Louisville—going and coming—to spend an hour pouring into my sympathetic ear a tale of how and when a power plant was to be built in that scenic stream, a stabilized flow was promised, and said to be legally "guaranteed" to owners of summer cottage property. He showed me two photographs, one taken twenty minutes after the other. In the first the river was full. In the second its bed was almost empty. Owners of property invoked a law under which the state had authority to protect streams but it was found that the statute contained no penalty clause.

AS to what the effect of the Sampson-Insull contract would be upon the falls, I am content to quote an experienced park-maker and engineer, Major William A. Welch, chief engineer and manager of Palisades Interstate Park, and a member of the Southern Appalachian National Park Commission which examined the Shenandoah, Smoky Mountains and Mammoth Cave regions which afterward were designated as National Park Areas.

It is perfectly obvious that the glory of the falls—now sublime, now beautiful, according to the varying stages of the water—is gone forever when destroyed by diversion of the water leaving a bared precipice with its boulders and rocks undisturbed.

As to the recreational value of the proposed lake above the power dam, Major Welch said:

No reservoir formed by a dam constructed for power purposes can ever be satisfactory or even feasible for use as a recreation lake. The storage of water above the dam is essentially for power purposes. The water is to be released when needed in the development of power. This necessarily means raising and lowering from time to time the level of the lake (principally, of course, lowering it in the dry season), and each time the sluices are closed water is accumulated and slimy mud deposited as sediment on the banks to be exposed more and more as the sluices are opened and the water released for use in generating power. It is impossible to keep the banks or shores of such a "lake" in a condition suitable for use for recreation purposes.

This point was discussed at the National Conference on State Parks at Hot Springs, where resolutions were passed against the Cumberland Falls power project. It reminded Richard Lieber, director of conservation for the State of Indiana, who is familiar with the Tippecanoe "lakes," of Baron Munchausen's tale of hitching his horse to a stake in the snow in Russia. Returning after the snow melted, he found his horse hanging from the cross on the top of a church steeple.

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That, according to Mr. Lieber, is what occurs when the painter of a pleasure boat is tied to a tree at the edge of a so-called "lake" behind a power dam.

What occurs where a state has the right sort of machinery to protect its scenic assets is illustrated in a dispatch published by The Christian Science Monitor showing what the Colorado Utilities Commission did when confronted by a decision as to a proposed hydro-electric dam near the Royal Gorge:

> The Arkansas River runs at the bottom of a gorge with sheer, red granite walls half a mile high. . . . The utility company proposed diversion of 300 cubic feet of water a second . . . at the upper mouth of the gorge. . . . Expert testimony was presented to show that in summer when the flow is lowest the gorge would become entirely dry for days at a time. The company then offered to allow 50 feet of water flow at all times.
>
> Artists, writers, tourists and engineers testified that without the large flow the Royal Gorge would no longer be one of the Nation's outstanding spectacles. The dash and spray of the water as it roars through the crevice in the Rockies would be almost entirely removed through even a reduction in the quantity of water, witnesses said.
>
> Engineers testified there were other undeveloped sites on the eastern slope of the Rockies which could be utilized as economically as the gorge. They also contended that electricity can be generated as cheaply with Colorado coal as with water.

WHENEVER a scenery-marring project is contemplated, skilled propaganda is brought into play on an unsophisticated community. The first step is to delude natives of the region to be vandalized.

Williamsburg, some twenty miles above Cumberland Falls on Cumberland River, is proclaimed to be, and may be, "100 per cent for the power project." At any rate the Williamsburg Chamber of Commerce, local business men, bankers and politicians are active for the power project. Williamsburg attorneys say loudly at the beginning of any address on the subject that they are not paid by the power company. One of them has on several occasions represented Governor Sampson and the "Sampson-Insull" contract on the platform. He is a skilled speaker of the jury fascinator type who says he represents the "third side in the controversy, the interest of the people of the vicinage." He invariably expands upon the beauty and value of the promised "lake", and says the ad valorem taxes on the dam and plant would take Whitley and McCreary Counties—on the border of which it lies—out of the "pauper class."

Two or three years ago many eastern Kentucky people were thoroughly under the tutelage of the power propagandists and eager for the project, believing that it would transform Kentucky into a manufacturing state—"stud Kentucky with smokestacks" was the phrase—and make the mountains rich and populous. That was to be done by a 40,000-horse power hydro-electric plant in a wilderness area in a state which almost equals Pennsylvania in coal deposits, has large coal areas untapped and exports 95 per cent of the coal that is mined, because its coal has not "studded it with smokestacks."

A high tension line from the first large hydro-electric plant made by damming a Kentucky stream—Dix River—crosses the Ohio above Louisville to deliver part of the product of the Dix Dam plant to the Insull power pool. The Dix Dam has not studded any Kentucky area with smokestacks. The Kentucky Utilities Company has supplanted a good many coal consuming steam plants which created light and power in Kentucky towns.

Gradually the smokestack-studding argument has diminished. There is now no echo of the assertion of an unsophisticated and thoroughly propagandized McCreary countian who three years ago maintained that the conservationists really represented Yankees who feared for their factories because the Cumberland Valley would become the manufacturing center of the United States. The favorite argument of the Williamsburg group that "Coleman duPont is just another power company" still is made, although the attorney for the Cumberland Hydro-electric Company, has publicly admitted that the motives of Senator duPont are those of a native Kentuckian wishing to benefit his state by a gift.

BUT there is another consideration. Shall Kentucky, and all future generations of Kentuckians, be stripped of a great revenue-producing heritage? The State of New York paid $1,500,000 for the American reservation at Niagara. According to Horace McFarland, of the Niagara Falls Board, the State of New York gets, in tourist revenue, from that investment, $50,000,000 a year. Why should Kentucky, in an era of road-making, when the gasoline tax is building roads, be deprived of the income which would arise from Cumberland Falls and 2,000 acres of wilderness lying between two interstate roads connecting the North and the South?

G. Freeman Pollock, proprietor of Skyland, a summer resort in the area which is to become Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, came to Kentucky recently to see Cumberland Falls, from the point of view of an experienced resort proprietor. He declared that, as a public reservation, it would be "a mint to Kentucky." He said:

> Improvement of the road from Cumberland Falls Station presents no engineering difficulties, as the earth road follows a ridge until the gorge is reached, a half mile from the river. The area contains every element of a successful recreational area. Those who think of recreation in terms of golf, tennis and ball-rooms are not aware of the great and growing demand for wilderness tracts, and there are not in the whole country a half dozen places which surpass the Cumberland Falls region, with this wonderfully beautiful cataract as its center. To put in a power plant here would be to rob Kentucky of an asset of incalculable value.

American automobile tourists are spending three billion dollars out of doors each year. Cumberland Falls would be forever a returner of large annual revenues. They belong to future generations of Kentuckians to be held in trust as a recreation ground for future generations of Americans.

How many of such heritages remain undiscovered by the public—but known to the far-seeing and far-reaching "interests"—who can say? Only a few Virginians knew, and America did not know, that the wonderful area which will be Shenandoah National Park existed, almost at the doors of Washington, till the Southern Appalachian Park Commission appraised it. Washington would not now know the value of Great Falls, unapproached by any European capital's outdoor possessions according to Lord Bryce, but for the activity of a small but persistent group of persons of the type described by the power combine's publicity forces as "sentimental" and "aesthetic." Kentucky hardly knew Cumberland Falls until they were caught in the power net, but would forever realize her loss if they should be obliterated.

BATTER UP!

(*Continued from page* 395)

"How'd he make out?"

"Stuck him in a game downtown."

"Do well?"

"Very."

"Break any bats?"

"Nary a bat. Pretty good baseball stuff in him, I think. Been playing every day for last three weeks. Still cusses awfully."

"Love him much?"

"Um—funny sort of fellow, isn't he?"

Joe worked in the coal mines with his father from his twelfth year through his fifteenth, when he ran away from home and has not been in touch with his family since. He has been in difficulties for years, showing those behavior anomalies usually described as psychopathic. He has been arrested numbers of times. He joined the Marine Corps and after a time got into an acute schizophrenic upset, for which he was discharged from the service at Saint Elizabeths. He had made no work adaptation here at the hospital at the time the notations were made from which his sketch is drawn.

This report, verbatim except for the omission of tedious material, is made of this case because it brings out a type of psychiatric case work possible to us at Saint Elizabeths. Problems like Joe's, involving the discovery and management of subtle attitudes, come up not infrequently. The Red Cross functions as a socializing agency, concerning itself with providing entertainment and recreation to large numbers of our hospital population; but it should at no time lose sight of the individual and his use of these opportunities. It can not only provide baseball, but lead Joe into team-play.

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ders, and for these murders not one man was punished. Such crimes are rarely solved because of the gang code of silence, which closes the lips of participants even to the grave, and because of the swift infliction of capital punishment, by the gang, upon those who violate the code. Then, too, the public seems to relish this method of direct action and puts little pressure upon enforcement officers for the punishment of a gang killer who has disposed of a potential murderer of a rival gang.

GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER
(*Continued from page* 399)

THE largest percentage of the Chicago killings are prepetrated in those districts inhabited by Negroes and Italians. Although the Negro population of Chicago is but 5 per cent of the whole, approximately 28 per cent of the murder victims during the period of study were colored, and 30 per cent of all persons killed by the police were colored. This is not due to the killing of Negroes by whites, as more white men are killed by Negroes than Negroes by whites. Deaths by stabbing are more common in the Negro districts, but only two Negroes were killed in gang murders. The Italian districts are responsible for 74 of the gang killings, a percentage far out of proportion to the ratio of population. This is emphasized by the fact that only 27 Americans were victims of the gang wars during this period. The transplantation of continental customs and organizations, including the dreaded Mafia of Italy, have resulted in the widespread use of "black-hand" letters, followed by bombings, knife and gun murders; made more dreadful by the modern armored car with its equipment of hidden machine-guns and bullet-proof protections.

The most fascinating chapters of the report are those on Organized Crime, written by John Landesco of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, who lists the Who's Who of the Chicago underworld. The report traces such leaders as Al Capone and James Colosimo from the days of their youthful exploits as members of street gangs through the period when they served as expert henchmen and body-guards, and finally to the regal glory of kings of Chicago gangland. It tells of the "truces" declared by the gangs to map out the city for the peddling of "alky;" it describes the extent of the organization of one of the major syndicates with its staff of fifty high-pressure salesmen and racketeers, its trucks and other equipment, its headquarters in a downtown office building, and its annual income of $2,000,000. Even the specialized art of making and planting the deadly "pineapple" is discussed at some length. The author classes bombings in five major groups: black-hand bombings, gambling-war bombings, political bombings, inter-racial bombings, and labor-union bombings. The report gives an account of the activities of the notorious Sweeney gang which would bomb anything for pay—they were in the "bombing business."

AT no place in the whole crooked scheme of the Chicago underworld is the alliance between the gangster and the politician more apparent than at the funerals of these vice leaders. Men in high office are often present to place gorgeous wreaths upon the caskets of their dead companions in crime. But in other connections, too, the names of Ike Bloom, Solly Friedman, "Jew Kid" Grabiner, John Torrio, "Mike de Pike" Heitler, "Spike" O'Donnell, Joe Saltis, "Mitters" Foley, the McErlanes, "Hymie" Weiss, Dion O'Banion, the Capones, the Gennas, and others run through this story in company with such notorious political characters as "Hinky Dink" Kenna, "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, William Hale Thompson, and Robert E. Crowe.

And who is to blame for the whole sordid spectacle? The survey would seem to place it upon the people of Chicago. One reads with amazement and exasperation of the reputation of honest and conscientious officials in their efforts to clean up the conditions which have established a foundation for the present era of crime, and of the recurring willingness of Chicago citizens to return to power men pledged to the protection of vice in its worse form. Chicago is to blame, not only for her officials but for her gangs. The gangster as a rule is not born, but made. He is the product of an environment which Chicago has afforded.

In the study of 6,000 delinquent boys prepared by the Local Community Research Committee of the University of Chicago for the survey, it was found that in 90.4 per cent of these cases, two or more boys were involved in the act. In petty stealings, there were usually five or six participants. Gangs are formed because of the social instinct and for the sake of protection in racial conflicts. In wards where the moral sentiment is such that the gang organization takes the form of a group of hoodlums instead of a Boy Scout troop, delinquency and violation of the law become a social tradition, and this tradition is accentuated in the boy when he sees a hard-working father sink into poverty at the side of a prosperous beer-running politician. Contempt for law and government usually follows.

Chief of Police Vollmer of Berkeley, California, whose contribution to the survey is a preliminary study of the police force of Chicago, although recommending a number of changes in police administration such as the separation of vice and traffic regulation, the establishment of a police training-school, and a more adequate system of police records, is quick to add that the lack of support by prosecuting officers and courts, together with the shifting of administative officials at each election, contributes greatly to the demoralization of the force and creates in the mind of the policeman the attitude "What's the use?" especially when they view the successful operations of the professional bondsmen and shyster attorneys who appear for guilty defendants.

A VERY adequate chapter upon the subject of Rural Police Protection in Illinois has been contributed by Bruce Smith of the National Institute of Public Administration. The chapter localizes for the state of Illinois the admirable analysis of the development of the state police in the book of that name written by Mr. Smith a few years ago. His conclusions are best summarized in his own words:

> Rural crime in Illinois seems to have assumed grave proportions, especially in certain sections. The time-honored agencies for rural crime repression have either avoided all responsibility or have been overwhelmed. Use of the National Guard in aid of the civil authorities has often been necessary. The state highway patrol, grown from small beginnings, has become involved in local politics and has not as yet made crime repression and the apprehension of felons a major part of its work. Nevertheless, this body represents the obvious point of departure for any consideration of possible programs.

In Illinois, as in other jurisdictions, the county sheriff and the township constable are found to be medieval survivals entirely inadequate to cope with crime problems which have come to the rural areas with the development of improved methods of rapid communication and transportation. Instead of reorganizing the police agencies, however, there have been super-imposed a state highway patrol and a number of semi-official police agencies of the type of "the bank guards or vigilance committees organized under the auspices of the Illinois Bankers' Association." The efficacy of these organizations is shown by the reduction of the number of attacks upon banks and the almost complete elimination of bank losses since their organization. Illinois has been particularly a sufferer from violence in rural areas during the last few years, as is evidenced by the tabulations prepared by Mr. Smith showing the number of times that the National Guard has been called out to eliminate riots in different parts of the state. During 1922, the National Guard was called out on eleven different occasions; in 1924 on five occasions, and in 1926 on ten occasions.

The inefficiency of the coroner's office, the first agency to come in contact with crime, is touched upon by Mr. Lashly in his study of Homicide in Cook County, and re-emphasized in a chapter by Ludvig Hektoen upon The Medical Side of the Coroner's Office. This latter chapter is not as complete and hence not as satisfying as some of the others, but it does contain an effective indictment of the methods of the Cook County office. The author points out the evils of political control and political appointment of men who are called upon to perform the expert service demanded of the coroner's office.

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The following are examples of the critical comment indulged against the work of this office:

It is unfortunately the case that under the coronarial system, as illustrated so strikingly by the present practice in Cook County, medico-legal autopsies are only too commonly entrusted "to inexperienced physicians whose examinations are incomplete and untrustworthy." A bungling and incomplete autopsy may do great harm by failing to disclose the true state of affairs and thus leading to wrong conclusions. A badly done autopsy cannot be undone. The ordinary practicing physician does not have the knowledge and experience essential to conduct properly autopsies for forensic purposes because they require special training, interest, and experience. It is highly significant, too, of the failure to recognize his responsibilities, that up to the present time no coroner of Cook County has set up even a minimum required standard for the manner and extent of the routine autopsies by his physician for the recording of results. Each physician, no matter what his qualifications or experience, is left to his own discretion in this important matter, which is in most countries subject to stringent official regulation.

An example of self-interest which interferes with the proper investigation of homicide cases is revealed in the stupid but obstinate interference of undertakers in attempting to prevent autopsies.

The chapter includes a number of reports of autopsy surgeons, which are prepared in a superficial, slovenly fashion and bear out the statement quoted from Edward H. Hatten that "there are as many types of autopsies made by the Cook County coroner's staff as there are physicians. It may be said that in the years 1925 and 1926 no complete autopsy, in the scientific sense of the term, was made." It is recommended in conclusion that the office should be abolished as "an institution . . . wholly unsuited to the needs of the present day." It is recommended that the office of medical examiner be created in place of the coroner, organized along scientific lines, properly staffed and equipped to perform the medical duties of the office and, in addition, to furnish to police, prosecutor and courts expert assistance in the investigation, prosecution and disposition of criminal cases.

THE analysis of criminal prosecution is contained for the most part in three chapters: Downstate Prosecution, by William D. Knight; Prosecution in Chicago, by John J. Healy, and The Municipal Court of Chicago, by Raymond Moley. They serve to re-emphasize the fact that in America we have been extremely careless in the protection of the public and in that capacity have been content with employing the incompetent or untrained, while the adversaries of the public have employed the skilled. This, added to the revelation that during the last few years the office of the state's attorney, especially in the county of Cook, has been looked upon as a means of building up a political machine and of obtaining political power rather than as a prosecuting agency, serves to explain in a large degree the compromise of criminal cases and the resulting mortality throughout the various stages of prosecution. The survey reveals that in the metropolitan areas the prosecutors are, to a large extent, either incompetent boys or ambitious politicians, while in the rural areas, much of the time of the prosecutor is taken up with his civil practice.

Not only is the prosecutor often mentally unfit and improperly trained, but the physical conditions under which he works act as an additional hindrance to a speedy and adequate dispensing of justice. Mr. Moley describes the Harrison Street Court in Chicago as "crowded almost to suffocation:"

The smoke is always thick. There is much laughing, loud talking, whispering, and expectorating. At times the noise rises to almost deafening proportions, due to the shuffling about and the loud shouts of the bailiff, the pounding of the gavel and the remarks of the bystanders, and the efforts of the judge to elicit information from reluctant witnesses.

The responsibility for failure to convict the guilty is 10 per cent with the courts, 20 per cent with the police, and 70 per cent with the prosecution, according to Mr. Healy.

The surprising mortality of cases demonstrates the truth of Mr. Moley's comment that one of two things must be true—either too many innocent persons are being arrested, or too many guilty persons are escaping punishment. Out of 2,696 robbery charges, in the year 1926 in Chicago, 1,788 cases were discharged without any punishment, 719 were reduced to lesser offenses, 30 were still pending, one declared insane, and only 151 were convicted of robbery. Approximately the same situation was found in 1,433 charges of burglary, out of which number only 94 were convicted of the original charge. Of 12,543 felony cases in Chicago in 1926, but 2,449 were found guilty of *any* offense; of the number, only 594 were convicted of the offense charged, and of these 200 escaped punishment through probation. The chapter entitled Disposition of Felony Cases in Illinois, by C. E. Gehlke, is a thorough statistical analysis of this great mortality of cases.

THE jury system, which comes in for so much condemnation from the general public, is found to be responsible in only a small degree, for, in the state as a whole, in only 4.45 per cent of the cases of arrests for felonies do the cases ever come before the jury for trial. The low ratio of Chicago convictions cannot be laid at the door of the jury, but the survey in no way attempts to whitewash the jury in the part which it does play. A separate report on Juries in Felony Cases in the Criminal Courts of Cook County, by Gustave F. Fischer, expresses dissatisfaction, particularly with the constitutional and statutory requirements in Illinois that the verdict be unanimous and that the jury be the judge of the law as well as the fact. It contains fourteen major recommendations for a better administration of the jury system.

That the chief need is to take our judges out of politics is the sentiment running through the pages of Mr. Moley's book on the Municipal Court of Chicago. Of recent years, he points out, the municipal bench has been the football of politics. Anyone may run for judge and conduct his own campaign. A majority of the judges have never attended college, and figures and estimates made by members of the Chicago bar indicate a marked decline in the ability of the judges of the municipal bench. The report praises highly the work of Chief Justice Harry Olson, but shows that no chief justice under the present law can have adequate control of the judges, and that following the people's election of an inefficient and incompetent judge, the best that the chief justice can do is to shift him to a place where he can do the least harm. One judge, sitting in preliminary hearings in 1927, held for the criminal court only 10 per cent of the cases which came before him, while another judge sitting in the same court held 48 per cent of his cases.

The report on the Supreme Court in Felony Cases, by Albert J. Harno, although for the most part highly commendatory, closes with the following:

We believe that the administration of criminal justice could be improved substantially if the courts would give less effort to obtaining logical certainty, and less heed to the doctrine of *stare decisis*. With these they march often to pitiless and bizarre conclusions, believing that they are performing a great public service. It is not in uprightness, but in the comprehensiveness of views that judges fail to measure up to their responsibilities.

WHILE the Survey of Probation and Parole hails the Illinois Parole Act of 1927 as a landmark in American jurisprudence, it points out the still remaining radical defects of the system, chief of which is the absence of guarantees against political domination. The following quotation is from a letter to the board from a state representative in behalf of a man charged with robbery with a gun:

This fellow lives in my district. That is why I am interested. I wish you would do something for me on this case. I must be frank. It means a lot to me because I am out for re-election.

Throughout all of the chapters of the survey run constant references to the effect of political control of administration, of the work of the fixer and the especially privileged as against the incompetency and corruption of public officials. The report of the survey has undoubtedly had a profound effect in Chicago. The open opposition of the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice apparently played a large part in the elimination of State's Attorney Crowe. It is to be hoped that provision will be made for a continuing survey of crime conditions and administrative methods in order that the people of the state may be kept advised of the conditions which surround them and that the improvement which has been made will be continued until substantial results have been obtained.

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Traveler's Notebook

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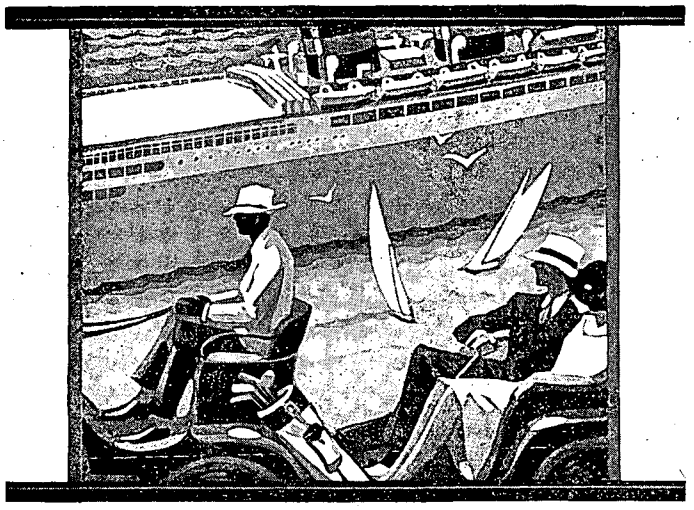

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Gargantuan Growth

LITTLE do we realize how fast the idea of travel is traveling! When Cherbourg found that Havre was trying to wrest her popularity as a passenger port from her, she set about to make possible direct landing, in lieu of the old tenders; and cut the train service to Paris down to a little over three hours as against the former five and one-half. That gives us a notion of the place filled by American tourists in the industrial map of Europe.

For those who like plotting curves, we recommend that they turn to the figures for, say, the last ten years of the increase in travel agencies, in steamship bookings, and in money spent. Such graphs would be striking. But scarcely more so than some of the interesting items that show how the travel habit is taking hold in new ways.

For instance, take the establishment of the National Travel Club, with men like Sir Philip Gibbs, Leo S. Rowe and Lucien S. Kirtland on its advisory board. For the small sum of $4 a year, you have the advantages of such features as reduced rates at hotels and shops, accident insurance, the use of its information bureau, its monthly travel magazine "with a wealth of superb pictures gathered from the four corners of the earth," its special dinners with "eminent explorers and travelers" as speakers, and more.

Or take the inauguration of the First Caribbean Institute by the Bureau of University Travel under the direction of no less a person than Whiting Williams. The party will sail July 7, and their itinerary includes stops at Cuba, Jamaica, Honduras, Guatemala.

It's Not Called Slavery

A LONG time member of Survey Associates writes from Ravello, Italy:

Here it is beautiful beyond description. We walk about these hills or sit in the garden and read aloud or go to sleep in the sun, and wake only to think what a waste, to sleep in the midst of so much beauty. But that I'm told is the way to get fat and that is my present aim—to be chic on the Italian model—ample, as 'twere. The only jarring note is women (and men too) carrying up and down these rocky paths that tax our lung power in the effort to get our own soft corporealities up and down—women carrying loads of lime, and (last fall) grapes, and faggots that they involuntarily groan under and that would tax a horse. They're too poor to afford donkeys. We found last autumn that for carrying a basket of grapes weighing about 60 to 80 lbs. from Scala to Ravello—about a half to three quarters of an hour up and down very steep mountain paths, they now get 5 Lire (25 cents). This doesn't count time out for rest, for loading or for the return trip. Even the men (who carry no heavier loads than the women) stagger and sweat so at some of the steep places that it nauseates the beholder. And the men who run the vineyards complain of the "absurd prices" they now have to pay for this "peasant labor"—it's running up the cost of (bad) wine terribly! We talked to some of the workmen as well as we could, for their dialect is almost like another language, and find that by getting up very early and working late they can make about 20 Lire a day, some of them—being taxed for breathing, as they put it, and food costs astonishingly high.

Who's Where

IN the nature of things, the members of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association break away from their desks to freshen up their contacts with the field. Miss Mildred Wertheimer, its Central European authority, is spending six months in her zone of interest. For just one rash moment we flirted with the idea of reproducing the map of her itinerary. What a marvelous preoccupation it would have afforded cross-word puzzlers! Mr. James G. McDonald, the chairman, is planning to go to the Kyoto Conference, by way of London, Paris, Geneva and Moscow. Mr. Herbert L. May, of the

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Washington Bureau, is back from Geneva, where he attended the April meeting of the Permanent Central Board on Opium, of which he is a member, and he will shortly be returning for the September session. Miss Vera A. Micheles of the Research Department, whose field is Italy and Russia, will visit Austria and Italy, and Miss Frances J. Pratt of the Speakers' Bureau is off for a tour of the Orient.

This summer, on their own, members of the Survey Graphic staff will be as widely scattered. John Palmer Gavit, whose most recent master work was our New Germany number (February), is off for foreign parts with another big idea and will return in the late fall with the fruits thereof. At this stage we must refer you to him if you're very curious. Loula Lasker and Dora Maxwell are majoring in Russia. Halle Schaffner is going—wherever the spirit moves her, so far as we know. And whatever else the Arthur Kelloggs do. artists and art exhibits won't be neglected, that's certain. Dr. Haven Emerson is just back from Greece, where he, and half a dozen other experts, made a health survey on invitation of the government, and under appointment of the League of Nations.

Julia C. Lathrop, as an assessor representing the National Conference of Social Work, attended the fifth session of the Child Welfare Committee of the Advisory Commission for the Protection and Welfare of Children and Young People, of the League of Nations, which met last April.

In August (23-28), Jane Addams will preside at the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom meetings at Prague. Mary Van Kleeck will be off to the International Industrial Relations Association in Oberbayern, Germany, and the International Scientific Organization of Work Congress in Paris. George D. Pratt, Jr., attends the International Adult Education conferences at Cambridge and Elsinore, where Eduard A. Lindeman will preside and read a paper (respectively); John Nevin Sayre, the International Fellowship of Reconciliation at Lyons (Aug. 2-9); Dr. Jessie Hughan and her sister Evelyn, the Fabian Summer School; Roger N. Baldwin, Dr. William Pickens, Elizabeth Gilman, the Anti-Imperialist Conference at Paris; Benjamin C. Marsh the Anti-Imperialist Conference at London (July 17 and 18) which is being arranged by members of the British Labor Party; Thomas Adams the Twelfth International Housing and Town Planning Congress at Rome (Sept. 12-22).

Dr. Charles Coulter of Ohio Wesleyan University, sails for South Africa to cooperate in a study of interracial conditions. R. R. Taylor of Tuskegee Institute is in Liberia arranging for the organization of the Booker Washington Agricultural and Industrial Institute. By way of exchange, J. H. Oldham, secretary of the International Missionary Council and perhaps the ranking authority of the world on African racial needs, will be in our midst shortly; and Dr. C. T. Loram of the Native Affairs Commission of South Africa will give a course of lectures at Teachers College. Miss Marjorie Perham of the Department of Modern History at St. Hughes, Oxford, has the distinction of having been awarded a Rhodes Fellowship for a year, instead of the usual six months. En route to Africa where she will study the general social welfare of the natives she is stopping in America to get in touch with our educational methods and schools for Negroes.

Mlle. Leonie Chaptal, founder and president of the national organization of trained nurses in France, and delegate to the Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations, is here in connection with her inquiry into the problem of children in social and moral danger because of bad environment. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer and statesman, has been lecturing in this country.

Vacation Guide

FOR those who have short vacations and are in a quandary as to where to go, by all means consult Vacation Guide, a compilation of over 900 resorts in New York, New Jersey, New England and Eastern Pennsylvania gotten out by Vacation Service, conducted under the auspices of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. The book is conveniently indexed as to rates, camps, resort facilities for young people, places for rest and quiet, etc., and is sold at fifty cents per copy in an effort to make the service self-supporting.

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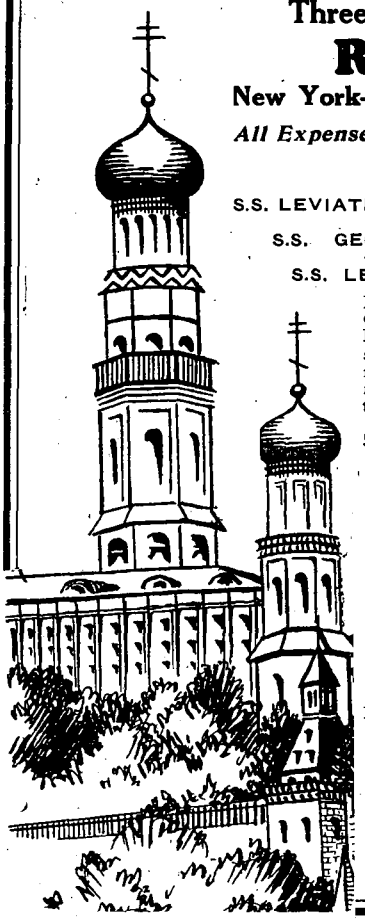

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American journalist. That is, something of a humorist with, of course, a social slant. Its parents are modern, believing in experimental education. So if you have any pet theories on the subject, by all means send them along. Letters, leads, suggestions, tips—all will be very welcome.

"PEOPLE'S HOUSES" IN ROME

(*Continued from page* 410)

"For one who has little practice." He smiled ruefully, and the heavy statesman vanished, giving place to a friendly, interested human being. Which of the two is the man who pulls the strings and makes the machinery of Italian housing work?"

"Good homes," he repeated, adding with a sudden challenge in his tone, "The people have not always had them!" Italy knows that, and has been trying to alleviate the trouble ever since the twentieth century began. For Mussolini, the problem locks into his political doctrine like a piece in a jig-saw puzzle. "Everything in the State, nothing outside the State, nothing against the State," he insists, speaking the last word with a capital letter. "That is my formula. It is a good formula." (I quote only bits of our chat.) "Children," he told me at another moment, "are the riches of the State. They are the future of the State."

Homes are places where children are raised. Ergo, good homes are essential to the nation. So Fascism backs the People's Houses.

"The *Case Popolari*? Ah, you have seen them!" Mussolini's rushes of enthusiasm make a talk with him one of the best tonics in the world. He went on to describe some of the methods by which the People's Houses in Rome are financed. Soon he was leaning forward again. "What do you think! Today—*today*—the Consiglio has decided there will be no taxes in the *Case Popolari* for—" he gave the figures first in French —"*vingt-cinq*, twenty-five years!" He was as frankly delighted as a boy with a new top. The *Consiglio*, to which he referred, was the Cabinet, in which he holds any number of portfolios.

According to the decision he told me of, exemption from taxation applies to all types of workmen's dwellings, whether erected by associations or individuals, provided the number of rooms in each home does not exceed five "and accessories" and provided the monthly rental per room is not over seventy lire "counting the kitchen as a room." This last phrase runs contrary to local custom.

With 80,000 Romans living in the People's Houses at the conclusion of the present year's building program, the number of apartments will be about 12,500, and the total of rooms approximately 50,000. Kitchens are not counted in this estimate because they are thrown in when it comes to paying rent. The latter ranges from $1.65 per room per month to $3.30 per room per month. Of course such figures tell little unless they are compared with incomes—which will be done later in this account. First, let us look at a few of these People's Houses.

Take the Trionfale neighborhood, in the across-Tiber region, only a few blocks from St. Peter's. It covers several city squares and accommodates over a thousand families. Streets here have been landscaped, and there are geraniums in the window boxes. A typical apartment house is entered through an archway that leads into a broad, sunny central court containing flower beds and a children's playground. The quadrangular building is of gray stucco, five or six stories high, with varied roof lines and overhanging cornices. Of course there are no elevators at a rental in the region of $1.65 a room.

"Might we see one of the apartments here?" I asked Professor Calza Bini, the head of the Institute for the People's Houses, who was showing me his organization's work in various parts of the city. A request was sent to one of the third-floor families.

Up a white marble stairway, and into a neat three-room-and-kitchen apartment where the wife of a railroad laborer, her married daughter, and the daughter's baby were at home. Chat-

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ting, the grandmother took us through her apartment. The living room, on the left, was perhaps fifteen feet square, and comfortably furnished with a rug, a center table, and stuffed chairs. Pictures of Victor Emmanuel III and Mussolini hung on the walls. The two bedrooms, each opening off the small private hall and having windows toward the street, were filled with shiny new sets of furniture. The floors were of red tiles.

"Electric lighting!" Grandma turned a switch.

Then she took us into her kitchen. For her, the sink with its running water was the climax. Very likely she had spent years filling jugs at a court-yard fountain.

There was a glow of coals in the range. "Then you don't cook by gas?"

"Not yet. But the house is piped for it." A hand on the gas cock.

In the lavatory there was no bathtub, this being provided in the basement. The Economical Houses, which the institute also builds and rents at its highest figure, have a complete bathroom in each apartment. But here one goes below for one's tub. The basement proved to be specklessly equipped, with men's and women's departments where attendants were in charge. Tiled floors, of course, and each tub in its own white room. "Hot water all the time, too," said an attendant.

Around the corner in this group of structures is a kindergarten for tenants' children. It is in charge of a head kindergartner and five assistants. A modified Montessori system is used, the care costing parents nothing. These buildings also provide studios for struggling artists! Here and there, on top floors, one may see those enormous lights of glass that look so effective and cost so much near Washington Square.

This model neighborhood in the Trionfale section is one of twenty-three kindred developments in the city and its suburbs, the tendency being to establish them away from the center of town, within reach of the belt-line tramway. The latter, too, is part of the town-planning program, which aims at a new city completely encircling the old one. Nearly all the People's Houses have historic sites. There is a group near the Appian Way. A short distance from the old church of San Saba, a new neighborhood has been established and provided with a school house of the most approved modern type.

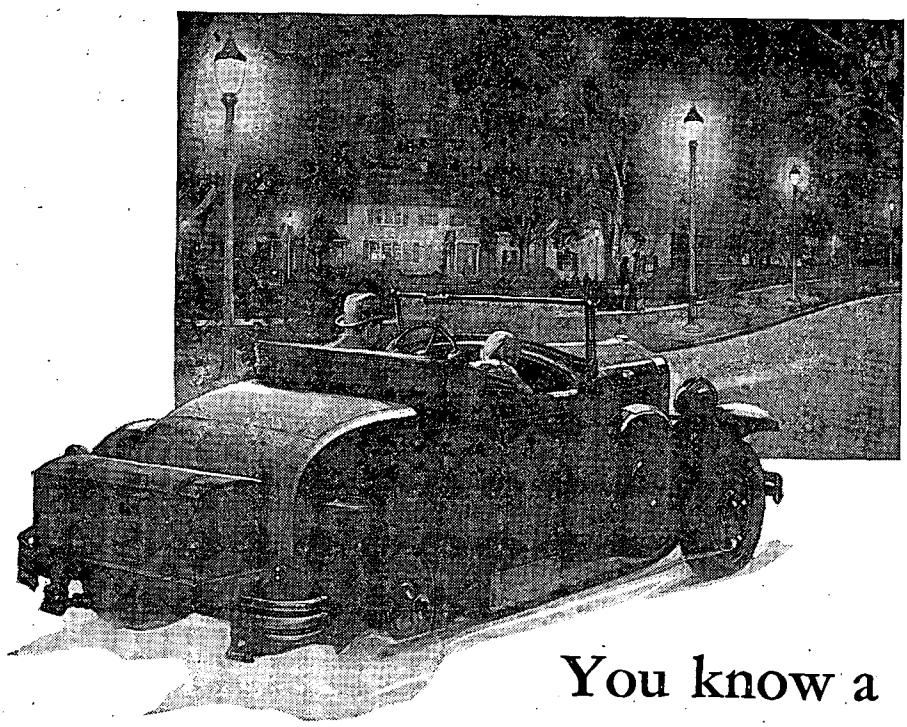
Close to the Flaminian Way, are two more groups of apartments, some being Economical Houses. These, the institute erects for the white-collared but impecunious. They are handsome buildings, apartments running from two to six rooms with complete bathrooms. The rent is about $3.30 monthly per room.

Rome's housing activities include two garden suburbs. In the Cittá-Giardino Aniene, a church and a cinema house have been built, while the Garbatella garden suburb is worth study because of its diversity of structures.

Not only are there People's Houses and Semi-Economical Houses, but also smaller multi-family dwellings. Some of the construction was done for cooperative associations, sixty per cent of the money required being furnished by those organizations and their members being given first choice of dwellings. There are also tenants renting on a basis that will make them owners of their premises in twenty years.

A row of buildings not unlike college dormitories affords temporary quarter for people whose homes in the older parts of Rome have been condemned by the city as unfit for occupancy. The municipality advanced 30,000,000 lire to the institute in 1925, to build those dormitory-like structures. Here evicted families can live in decency until permanent homes are ready for them. The buildings remain the property of the institute, but the municipality assigns the lodgings. Including similar buildings in other sections, a total of 2,534 temporary dwelling rooms is thus provided.

(*Continued on next page*)



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There are over 10,000 permanent residents in the Garbatella garden suburb. It lies on hilly ground, with views toward the city and the Campagna. There are winding streets, and altogether the scenic touch is evident.

What is the history of the Institute for the People's Houses in Rome? Luigi Luzzatti, one of the most distinguished of modern Italians, founded it early in 1904. At government request he had made a preliminary study of the housing crisis then existing in the capital, to relieve which parliament had voted 800,000 lire "to encourage the development of inexpensive dwellings." Feeling that, while this was public work, a private organization could conduct it more flexibly, Luzzatti started the Institute for the People's Houses in Rome, with the Institute for Small Homes in Trieste as his inspiration.

By the end of 1906, his orgnization had built and rented 94 apartments, with 248 rooms. Gradually prosperity followed. Loans were negotiated with banks, the first being with the Cassa Nazionale di Previdenza for a million lire. That was in 1907. At about the same time, the municipality guaranteed a loan of 10,000,000 lire from the Cassa di Depositi e Prestiti. Since then, methods of financing have changed little save as they have broadened.

Bank loans, secured by the government, have been one source of funds, ordinary mortgages another. Often, two or three per cent of the interest on a loan is met by the city or national government, leaving the rest to be paid by the institute. Then, too, there are outright government appropriations—for instance, the 2,000,000 lire annually for forty years voted in May 1925.

By 1922 the institute had 3,901 apartments, totalling 12,567 rooms. That year, of course, marked the advent of Fascism. Since then such impetus has been given to model housing that 8,600 apartments, containing 37,000 rooms, have been added to the institute's holdings. This means that more than one-and-a-half times as much work has been done in the last six years as in the preceding eighteen. The present value of the institute's real estate is around 500,000,000 lire ($25,000,000). Its bonds are considered exceedingly sound investments.

Twice the institute's administration has been altered. In 1911, the board of directors was reduced to five members, two to be elected by the city, two by the national government, and one by workmen's associations. A balanced scale of rentals was established, and building operations placed under the direction of professionals experienced in large undertakings.

The second reorganization came with the Fascist era. In 1923, the statute governing the institute was revised, doing away with the election of members to the board of directors. Instead, they were appointed. The board was enlarged in 1925, increasing the representations of the city, and of the Ministries of Finance, National Economy, and Public Works, since the institute's activities depend so much on government backing.

With a waiting list that runs into thousands, applicants for accommodations in the People's Houses must be studied carefully. Families are visited and reports are made as to the present conditions under which they live, from the standpoint of health, morals, and money. After tenants are admitted, they are expected to observe the institute's requirements as to cleanliness and quiet. If a household proves of bad character, it loses its lease. Another family is always ready and eager to step into the vacated apartment.

What about these families themselves—the raisons d'être of so many consultations and legislations? Exactly what do rents ranging from $1.65 to $3.30 per room per month mean to tenants of People's Houses and Economical Houses? It costs tenants of the working class less to live in the People's Houses than it does to pay private landlords, and for the smaller price the quarters obtained are more convenient, comfortable, and sanitary. In the Economical Houses, for the middle class, rents are about half as much as corresponding accommodations elsewhere.

Official figures set the average income of a working class family in Rome as about $14.29 a week, and that of a middle-class family as about $22.28. Budgets for families of both sorts assume the group in each case to consist of two adults and three children. While the clerk's household spends nearly 17% of its income for rent, the laborer's family can afford less than 9%. The rates charged by the Institute for the People's Houses come within these proportions. Thus, a working-class family with a three-room-and-kitchen apartment will be paying a little less than 9% of its earnings for shelter. The margin is wider in the Economical Houses, where three-rooms-and-kitchen would take only a trifle more than 11% of a middle-class family's income. Both these percentages are far below those prevailing in an American city like New York. There, in model housing developments, rentals often average one-quarter of incomes.

Why can a working household in New York lay out more of its money for rent than a similar household in Rome? The explanation seems to lie in the inexorable need to eat. In Rome it takes 65% of all a laboring family can earn, to feed it. With a middle-class family, 46% of its income has to go for food.

This brings us to grips with what Italians call the "dear-life." For eating is a matter which cannot be omitted from anybody's calculations, and when it has been attended to there isn't too much left over in the average Roman pocket-book. Is it any wonder that only a scant allowance can be spared for rent? Perhaps this condition has been handed down from the days of Caesar and Cicero. One suspects that, for more than two thousand years, the poor in Rome have existed on a little above what it cost to eat.

But, whatever, the historic background of the "dear-life," is it not, in itself, an ample warrant for Fascism's ardent interest in the People's Houses? They are an effort on the part of the government to give its people a better standard of living than they could command for themselves. Whether such measures would be desirable in the United States or not, Italy undeniably needed them. Italy has had her own housing situation to face, and has found her own solution for it.

THE SPOILS OF NORMALCY

(*Continued from page* 407)

at Oyster Bay, together with some wise speculations as to its purpose!

Without going into further details I may finish the Chicago gas episode by stating that after years of man-killing labor, we obtained from the State Commission, in December, 1920, a valuation of the gas company property at $85,000,000. This valuation was maintained after a long struggle in the courts, the final order being entered in 1925. The company had claimed that its property was worth from thirty to fifty million dollars more. If the company had won, the people of Chicago would have been compelled to pay every year over $2,000,000 additional in their gas bills—so that dividends might be earned on the inflated "value" of the company's property.

In a romantic novel you might read that a roar of public applause reddened the ears of the young man who had won a lawsuit saving the city over $2,000,000 a year. But in Chicago the mayor (whose campaign fund had received $100,000 from Insull) and the city lawyer (whose law firm received $14,000 a year from Insull) issued public statements whenever the gas question broke into the newspapers, declaring that the gas case had cost the city $400,000—and had produced no results! Even personal friends usually restrained any innocent enthusiasm and frequently with wise winks they would ask me how much longer I expected to stay on the city payroll. A political paragrapher wrote, about the time I resigned, that I had the long distance record for holding a municipal job. Such are the realities of public service.

Since the year 1920 I have been participating in the same sort of drama which has been enacted on a larger scale in Washington. Out of the new leadership of the war period had risen an unusual spokesman for organized labor, not a large-fisted son of toil but a lawyer-evangelist who preached the "divinity of labor" with the religious zeal of an ancient prophet. This was Glenn E. Plumb, who had been my associate counsel in the Chicago gas litigation until he became counsel for the organized railway employes. Proselyting with tireless energy for labor control in industry, he carried along with him for a time the conventions of the American Federation of Labor, despite the resistance of Samuel Gompers. Aided by the unify-

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ing effect of federal control of railroads, he persuaded the conservative engine and train service brotherhoods to join with the other railway unions in establishing a national newspaper, Labor, which is today the most effective labor publication in America. He drafted the "Plumb Plan" for a socialized control of the railroads and obtained its endorsement from many men and organizations who would ordinarily turn very pale at the sight of a red flag!

It was Plumb who aroused railroad labor to see its vital interest in the valuation of the railroads which was being made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the law which Senator LaFollette had forced through Congress in 1913. Thus it happened that, as the valuation of the Chicago gas company was approaching its successful end, I was drawn gradually into representation of the organized railway employes, particularly in opposition to an excessive valuation of the railroads. Plumb had begun a fight before the commission and when his other projects absorbed all his time he persuaded the labor organizations to engage me to carry on the valuation contest.

The same railroad presidents who were seeking to double the profits of railroad owners by inflating the official value of railroad properties, were at the same time working to reduce the wages of the employes. They had induced Congress to establish the Railroad Labor Board to handle wage questions. By the grace of President Harding they were able to get eventually a board pliant enough to approve of their arguments and statistics. This board reduced wages over $300,000,000 a year in one order issued in 1921. The employes growled but suffered the loss, the greatest wage cut in all history which was accepted peaceably, as the president of the Baltimore & Ohio subsequently told a Senate committee.

Yet inside a year, this board (being afraid to reduce the higher paid groups of transportation men who would have struck in a body and paralyzed commerce) proceeded to cut again the wages of all other employes to about the same extent as before. The railroad shopmen, 400,000 strong, went on strike. They should have received the support of every man who worked for a living; but the propagandists beat them. So arrogant were the "belly-best minds" that when President Harding, after a month's strike, brought authorized committees of managers and employes into an agreement to settle the controversy, the railroad executives repudiated their agreement with the President and publicly flouted his spokesman, Secretary Hoover. After thirty days of private negotiations, another settlement was arranged with a strong group of roads. Then, with peace in sight, the attorney-general, the odorous Daugherty, actually brought an injunction suit against the labor unions—a suit, not to stop the strike, but to destroy the power of the labor leaders who were on their way to sign a settlement of the strike when the injunction was issued!

During this bitter period I was chief counsel for the striking shopmen. For days following the Daugherty injunction, I had to act without communicating with my clients, in order that they would be able to sign the strike settlement papers before government officers could interefere with them and prevent a settlement. I participated in every major move in this struggle; saw the persistent untiring efforts of the labor leaders to preserve peace, to check violence, to bring about a settlement. The terms of the Harding settlement of August 1 were carefully stated, the written words confirmed in my presence by those who spoke for the government and for labor. Yet the responsible operators of the most essential business of the country chose to break their word and to give the lie to the President rather than to make terms with labor organizations which they were determined to crush.

It is a simple fact that the part played by the government in the shopmen's strike (with the exception of Secretary Hoover's efforts) was from start to finish partisan and contemptible. It would require a volume to tell the whole story. But the oil scandals, the Daugherty investigation and The President's Daughter supply a sufficient explanation of the ignoble subservience of the administration.

Throughout the shopmen's strike I found repeated the tactics of the Chicago gas fight. Hundreds (*Continued on page* 427)

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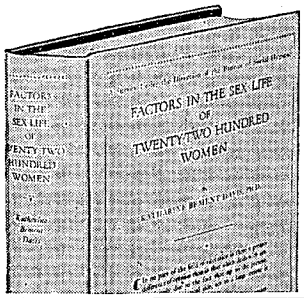

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(*Continued from page* 425) of private detectives were turned loose to spy, to provoke violence, to manufacture affidavits, to fill the newspapers with poisonous lies. The fictions about "trains abandoned in the desert" were reprinted in newspapers and magazines long after this falsehood had been exposed under oath in the government injunction suit. I remember one dreadful photograph of a man "tarred and feathered," which was introduced in evidence in that case and discredited as a palpable fraud. The "victim" had been taken on a long train journey to be photographed before his "sufferings" were relieved. Then there was an elaborate, malicious story printed concerning the trip of a labor chief to confer with a railroad president, in which the labor leader was described as traveling in the president's "well-stocked" private car. It happened that I had accompanied this labor man to his train on that date and had examined and delivered to him his ticket and his *upper berth* reservation in a regular Pullman! Hundreds of workers still believe that this man betrayed them for a small fortune—but I have known the exact state of his thin bank account for years!

Perhaps I have lingered too long over the shopmen's strike. But I believe the historian of later generations will find uncovered in the true narrative of its causes, its conduct and the forces thus revealed, evidences of a profound conflict which will and must continue until the dominance of either the philosophy of mastery or service brings about a transformation of our present society and government, as radical as the evolution of democracy out of feudalism.

FOLLOWING the shopmen's strike, the railway unions energetically developed a new program for the settlement of labor disputes in their industry. Previously, however, Glenn E. Plumb (their general counsel) had been undermining his apparently robust constitution with his exhausting labors in behalf of the famous "Plumb Plan." There comes to mind the careless jest of one of our golfing companions one day when Plumb had swung his powerful shoulders into a terrific drive: "Really, Glenn, a man as strong as you are ought to go to work!" I never knew a man who worked harder—or played more joyously. His untimely death in the summer of 1922 brought about an extension of my work to cover a general representation of the railway labor organizations in matters of their common interest. Particularly this involved a three-year campaign to repeal the law which established the Railroad Labor Board and to enact the present Railway Labor Act. Thereby I became more a resident of Washington than of Chicago for some years beginning with 1923, and a busy worker behind the scenes in the various investigations that exposed the utter rottenness of the Harding administration.

It was an entertaining, but saddening experience to realize that the most powerful forces to shape public opinion, the political leadership of both parties, the financial and industrial leadership, the great news collectors and distributors, were exerting their united power to mislead and to confuse popular thinking. True it was that facts were printed when brought out in public hearings after bitter and unscrupulous obstruction. But how the significant details were blurred! How the obvious conclusions either were not explained, or were misinterpreted for puzzle-headed, slow-minded readers.

In the early stages of the Teapot Dome revelations, later in the Daugherty investigation and finally in the Continental Trading Company exposures, there were inviting fields for journalistic enterprise—opportunities for the great news-gathering agencies to piece together obvious clues, to supply the missing links and to tell the people how the complicated machinery of political corruption and commercial dishonesty had been organized and operated to squeeze private fortunes out of public business and to absorb the common wealth.

But the trails ran too high to be followed to the end. The highest officers of government, the most powerful politicians, the richest of the money-makers, were involved. If the people really understood how badly they were ruled, how lawless and dishonest were the "great men" whose guidance they were expected reverently to follow, some revolutionary upheaval might take place! It was even possible that a new party might be born and all the labor of decades spent in thoroughly corrupting and insuring control of both old parties might be made worthless!

Indeed, here was Senator (*Continued on page* 429)

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(*Continued from page* 427) LaFollette, desperately conserving his waning strength, nursing his weakened lungs, trying,—oh, so hard!—to get himself in shape for "one last battle." He wanted to believe that the time had come when the people would respond to a "clarion call" to choose new leaders. He knew that if he were to organize the revolt it must be now or never. The shadows were lengthening and the end of his day was drawing near.

He appealed to me—as I am sure he did to many other younger men—to give the utmost of time and energy. He did not offer hopes of quick victories but the prospect of glorious defeats. One day he met me all glowing with a program he had worked out to give me a "great opportunity." Certain groups were organized and ready. Reasonable campaign funds were assured. All I had to do was to agree to become a candidate for the United States Senate from Illinois. Of course I could not win, but we would organize the Progressive voters of Illinois in this fight and in 1924 we would have a strong organization to swing into the presidential campaign.

North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan were good battlegrounds. The Progressives could reasonably expect in time to win a great block in the Middle West. Illinois was the key to this happy future. We must begin the work now—and I was the logical first sacrifice. I had an idea about how Iphigenia must have felt when Agamemnon said: "Come with me, dear child!" Only, from my experience in Illinois politics, I suspected that no Diana would rescue me from the altar.

It would have been impossible to resist LaFollette's program if I had had only my own feelings to consider. By this time I understood too well the exceptional nature and value of his public services. Here was a man who had really given his whole life to the service of the people. "It is a bitter, discouraging struggle—many defeats for a few victories— but it brings inner satisfactions that are lasting and repay for all the pain." Thus he argued with me. And I knew that I would rather feel the happiness that shone in his eyes at the end of life than have all the vanities and comforts that might be obtained from other forms of "success." But I knew that I was not the "man of the hour." It was due to him that I should explain why. So I told him of private embarrassments (that need not be written here) which destroyed my apparent availability as a candidate—and convinced him, I hope, that it was not lack of zeal or purely selfish considerations that disqualified me.

WHEN the decision was finally reached to launch an independent presidential campaign, Senator LaFollette called me to Washington to help lay down the lines of the campaign. At his request I wrote a "keynote speech" to put my ideas in concrete form. It was quite a different production from the Progressive "keynote" I had written eight years before. It was quite different from any speech that LaFollette would have delivered. Yet he received it with enthusiasm and for some days I hoped that the campaign might be based on issues that to my mind ran deeper than the old attacks upon "big business" and demands to rescue the people from the rule of monopoly and the "money power."

But in final judgment the veteran warrior turned again to the veteran issues—and decided to march his legions out to the familiar shell-torn battlefield. As I read his speech with "young Bob," on the train going to Cleveland, I felt as though the campaign song had been selected in that good old tune: "Tenting tonight on the old camp-ground." In these words he had written the refrain: "To break the combined power of the private monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people is the one paramount issue of the 1924 campaign." With due humility I was willing to concede that Robert M. LaFollette knew much more about politics and the American people than I would ever know—and that perhaps the issues which I thought were bloodless and unreal seemed vital—perhaps *were* vital—to the voters. Anyhow, the plan adopted was that I was to make my own speech to the convention. "Young Bob" would read his father's speech. In this way, I might have a chance to learn from the delegates at least how vital or how unreal my issues seemed to them.

BUT the convention leaders had been making their plans also; and on arrival the morning paper informed me that I had been named as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. That was a full-sized job for one man—and there would be no time or occasion for any additional speech-making. Wise prophets in Washington had predicted that with "all the cranks in America" joining in the Cleveland convention, the writing of a platform that would not tear the infant party limb from limb in the hour of its birth would be a practical impossibility. Indeed, when I faced the crowd of intense faces in the committee room and glanced at the huge piles of resolutions that lay upon the table, I was appalled at the task of reconciling the opinions of that polyglot convention in a document of reasonable length or consistency.

Somehow, the well-mixed, sensible committee did the job, and the shortest platform ever adopted by a similar convention was reported on time and approved without debate. Perhaps I may be allowed a quiet smile as I quote a few phrases out of several, which were clipped from my still-born draft of a "keynote speech" and written into the platform that was unanimously adopted:

Under the principle of ruthless individualism and competition, that government is deemed best which offers to the few the greatest chance of individual gain.

Under the progressive principle of cooperation, that government is deemed best which offers to the many the highest level of average happiness and well-being.

It is our faith that class gains are temporary delusions and that eternal laws of compensation make every man his brother's keeper.

In that faith we present our program of public service.

The nation may grow rich in the vision of greed. The nation will grow great in the vision of service.

Having served as an official expounder of the Progressivism of 1912, 1916 and 1924, I venture the observation that throughout this period the progressive forces in American political life had only the vaguest idea of where they were going. With a more successful leadership they would have been greatly shocked to find themselves marching into their mist-hidden promised land. Not one man in a thousand who shouted for "social justice" in 1912, or for the "vision of service" in 1924 was prepared to limit himself to a socially just reward or to accept the obligations of service. And those wage-earners who were accepting less than "social justice" and who were involuntarily serving their fellow-men—those for whom Progressivism should mean a better daily life, instead of merely a mental satisfaction —they mostly voted the Republican and Democratic tickets.

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WANTED: Registered nurse with institutional experience, who enjoys work of a Housemother character with boys. She must be refined and successful. Year round position with high class school and camp. Apply, giving references, salary expected, etc., 6405 SURVEY.

WANTED: Experienced club and class worker in Jewish Settlement in East. 6397 SURVEY.

WANTED: Social service worker to head social service department of large hospital which is affiliated with class A medical school; staff of five social service workers; dispensary averages 300 patients daily; position requires some one of maturity, education and experience; $150-$200 a month; maintenance included. Medical Bureau, Pittsfield Building, Chicago.

MEN WANTED

MEN interested in advancing in the field of institution and social work are wanted as students in The National Training School for Institution Executives and Other Workers. See classified Ad on Page 431.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE GRADUATE desires place as religious education director, experienced as pastor. 6396 SURVEY.

PHYSICIAN, married, large experience social service, tuberculosis, and public health work in United States and abroad, desires position with social or other organizations in the South or Southwest where above qualifications and experience would be of value. 6388 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE, married. Superintendent of mens' industrial institutions for sixteen years. Capable, efficient, now employed. Desires change. 6389 SURVEY.

EDUCATIONAL SUPERVISOR, with teaching experience, ten years in social case work agency, will be available soon. 6409 SURVEY.

WOMAN EXECUTIVE, well trained, with eight years experience in directing case work, desires connection in progressive agency. 6412 SURVEY.

YOUNG MAN, age 35, college and university trained fifteen years experience, (nine as superintendent of Jewish Orphanage) desires similar position. Wife able social worker. 6394 SURVEY.

PUBLIC HEALTH EXECUTIVE, college woman, registered nurse especially equipped to handle child health and behavior problems in children, desires community or health center work. 6401 SURVEY.

SOCIAL WORKER—young woman, experienced in Medical Social Work, Placing and Follow-up, desires to change position. Pennsylvania, New Jersey preferred, others considered. College, School of Social Work training. 6408 SURVEY.

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